VOL CCXVIII, No. 2841
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JULY 24, 1954

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated The GRAPHIC

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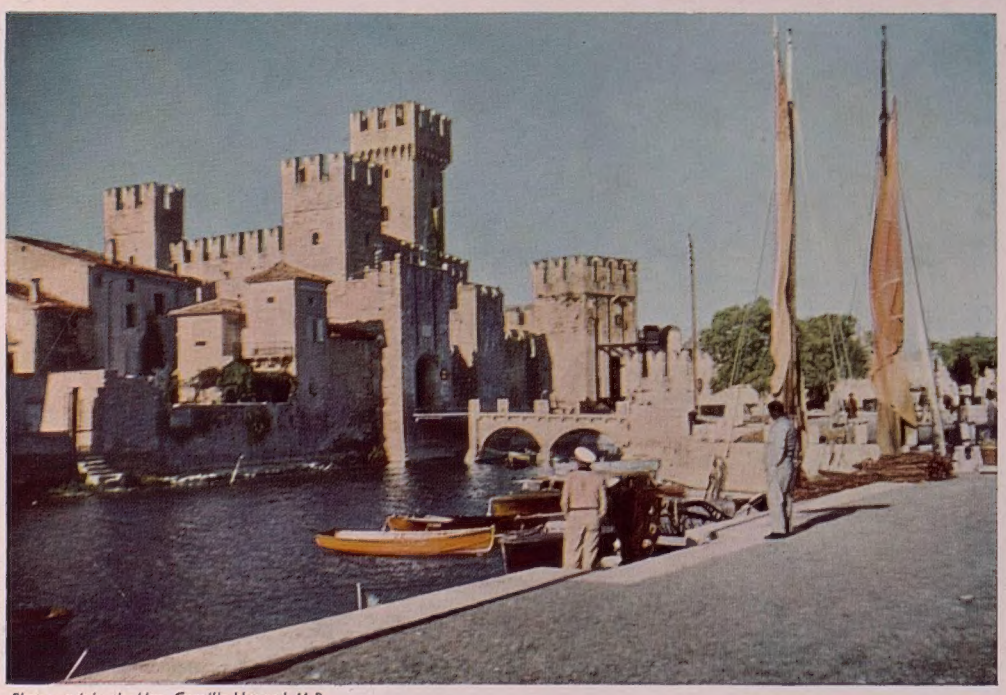

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All the pictures on this page are enlarged from Ilford Colour Film Transparencies.

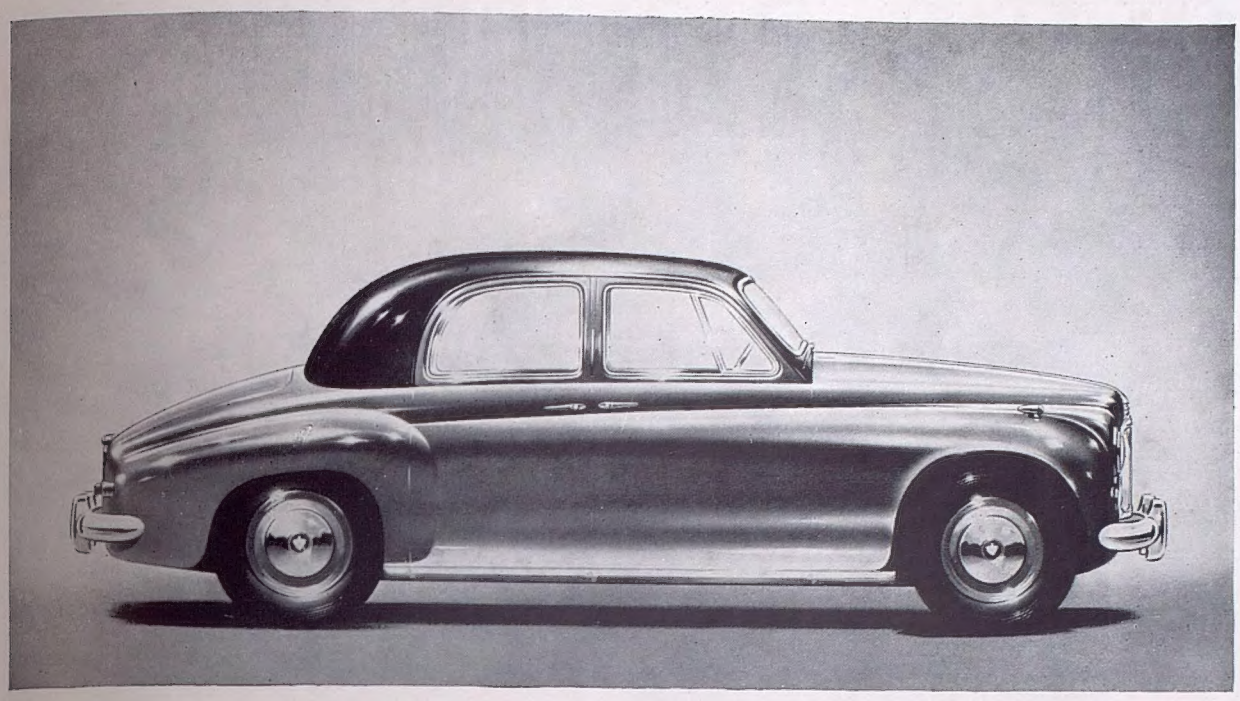

Illustration shows duo-tone finish available at small extra cost.

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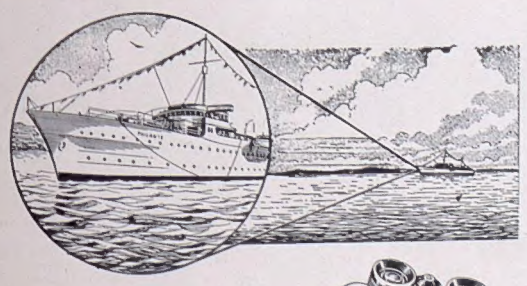

This model is an ideal all-purpose glass. Its high light gathering power makes it particularly useful for viewing in misty weather and at night. The lenses are coated for maximum clearness. Magnification: seven times; object glass diameter: 50mm.; height: just under 6 inches. Price, with case, £40 . 13 . 11. Five days' approval against full cash deposit. Our illustrated Catalogue with hints on the selection of a Binocular is free on request. Models from £10 . 10 . 0. Part exchange and deferred terms available.

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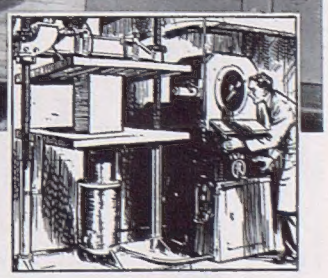

This apparatus is testing a "Fiberite" case to a pressure well above the highest it will normally have to resist in service.

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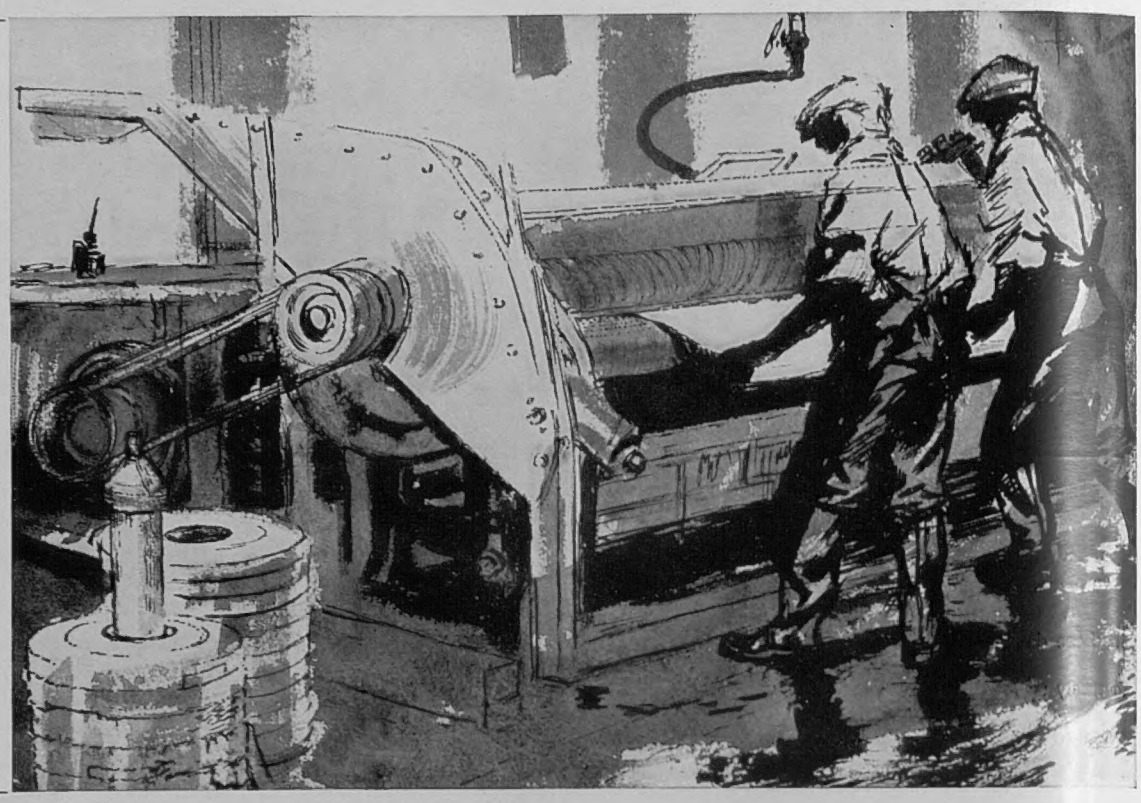
Before we buy a shoe, it has a history.
This, nowadays, is an electrically-minded history, and it goes back further than the machines that helped stitch and finish the shoe . . .
further even than those that split the hide, dressed the fine leather.
The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company makes the motors for many of these efficient machines. But its contributions to better living do not begin there . . .



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Behind the grace and delicacy of a woman's shoe, behind so much that is good in life . . imagine the purr of great machines, the pulse of electric power. ENGLISH ELECTRIC makes many of the generators that produce it; the transformers and switchgear that control and distribute it to towns and factories and homes. You may see the name ENGLISH ELECTRIC, too, on your refrigerator, your cooker, your washing machine, your television set . . . but that is another story.

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Volume CCXVIII No. 2841

The SPHERE, London, July 24, 1954

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

A GREAT ROYAL VICTORY—THE QUEEN WITH AUREOLE AT ASCOT AFTER HER COLT HAD WON THE RICHEST PRIZE OF THE ENGLISH TURF : The Queen, delighted with Aureole's victory in the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot, giving her four-year-old colt a well-deserved pat on the nose. Also seen in the picture (at right) are Princess Margaret, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, and Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, the Queen's trainer. Aureole, who was ridden by E. Smith, beat the French colt Vamos by three-quarters of a length, despite being left at the post and running in the heavy going he so dislikes.

Amid scenes of the greatest enthusiasm the Queen's horse Aureole won the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot last week, and the Queen, together with the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and the Princess Royal, was there to greet the winner in the unsaddling enclosure. By winning this race, with its prize of £23,302, Aureole brought his total winnings to over £40,000, a higher figure than that of any other horse which has raced in the Royal Colours. His successful resistance of a strong foreign challenge in the race also confirmed Aureole as the best horse in Europe, and made it seem that he was distinctly unlucky to have been born in the same year as last-year's Derby winner, Pinza. Aureole has not always been an easy horse to train or to ride, and great credit for this fine victory must go to his trainer, Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, his jockey, E. Smith, who has ridden him consistently well, the Queen's racing manager, Captain C. Moore, and Mr. C. Brook, who has done much to soothe the nerves of the highly temperamental colt. This was his last great race, and next year it is expected that Aureole will stand at the Royal Stud at Sandringham.

Postage—Inland, 2d. ; Canada, 1½d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

SHEEP-SHEARING IN LAKELAND

ABOUT TO LOSE THEIR OVERCOATS—SHEEP ON THEIR WAY TO "THE SMARDALE SHEAR": This flock of long-coated Rough Fell sheep, en route to the shearers at Smardale Hall, North Westmorland, during the Great Smardale Shear, had been kept in barns throughout the night in order to dry their fleeces in preparation for clipping. Most clipping in this district is done by hand.

An event of great importance in the Lake District is the annual sheep-shearing on Mr. R. K. Taylor's farm, Smardale Hall, 3 miles from Kirkby Stephen, North Westmorland. Mr. Taylor, a well-known judge at leading agricultural shows, specialises in Rough Fell Sheep, which carry the heaviest wool of all British breeds, averaging a weight of 7 lb. per fleece. About forty helpers, from far and near, arrived at Smardale Hall to assist in this year's operation and some 700 sheep were clipped in one day. The Smardale Shear is one of the biggest sheep-clipping operations in the area, and Mr. Taylor is always assured of plenty of helpers for this huge task.

A SCENE OF ACTIVITY IN THE YARD OF SMARDALE HALL: A view showing some of the forty helpers engaged in their task. Each wall around the farm building was lined with men engaged in the strenuous and tricky task of sheep-shearing.

GATHERING IN THE WOOL: Much of it can be seen stacked on the trolleys. In the foreground several sheep, just shorn of their 7 lb. of wool, await their journey back to the fields.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for 12 months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are £5 16s. 6d.; 6 months and Christmas Number, £3; 6 months without Christmas Number, £2 16s. 6d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are £5 14s., £2 19s. and £2 15s.; and for elsewhere Overseas £5 18s. 6d., £3 1s. 3d. and £2 17s. 6d. Terms include postage.*

A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Premier's Foremost Anxiety.—There is more than a shade of difference between anxiety concerning the appalling effects on civilisation of the hydrogen bomb and anxiety concerning the lack of information from America about her experiments with this fearful weapon. It was the latter anxiety which prompted Sir Winston to visit General Eisenhower. That anxiety was *foremost* in his mind among other urgent problems when he went to Washington—you and I who are not in the know must clearly appreciate this difference. You and I hope against hope that somehow sanity will come to the world's leaders and the hydrogen bomb will be outlawed. Sir Winston's "foremost anxiety" seems to postpone to the Greek Kalends our frail and trembling hope. His anxiety above all is lest *we* fail to have the latest "gen" on the making and discharging of better and bigger bombs. A prolongation of the hideous race in armaments? Of course, the difference is more apparent than real to all but wishful thinkers (like you and me). Sir Winston believes that the only possible hope of killing the H.B. is to have the latest super-H.B. stock-piled and ready, and in our hearts we know that in dealing with dictators, peace through strength is the only hope of salvation, while diplomacy lacking sanctions is merely beating the air. And yet we do not reject as "madness" the latest proposals that on our own initiative we should declare that we will not use nuclear weapons or suffer them to be used from British bases, unless and until an aggressor has used them on our or our allies' territory. I see no harm in such a declaration. A formula of some sort we must find to start an approach to sanity.

Hydrogen Bomb Formula.—I listened attentively to Sir L. Woodward's two talks on the hydrogen bomb, and I wished that he had been granted a third session, or at least rather more time for his two talks. He had so much to say in his hour that he spoke too fast in the first half hour and was hard to follow. His subject was more important than popular tunes or even "twenty questions." For his question is paramount. We have to accept it that we must at least approach the solution of the question of world survival in a childish way. The world can only be saved from total destruction by saving first the faces of living statesmen. In the present fearful state of international fear and suspicion, no pact, however solemnly signed, can be relied on; no disarmament agreement, dependent on international *supervision*, is worth concluding. In the lecturer's opinion, the only possible first formula must be one which starts by classing the atom bomb as an "accepted" weapon of war and seeks to curb the use of the hydrogen bomb and its successors in frightfulness. Moreover, that "first stage" formula must not try to ban the production and advance in frightfulness of nuclear weapons, and any formula to discourage their use must avoid dividing the nations into sheep and goats. Sir. L. Woodward's formula recognizes and avoids all these difficulties of "face," and is the simplest "first stage" formula which has yet been offered, albeit he offered it several years ago. He puts it in a form most tactful and appealing by showing that under a pact of instant retaliation by all innocent signatories against a hydrogen aggressor signatory, it would be the duty of America to destroy Britain, hand in hand with Russia, if Britain, even in self-defence against an assault by Russia with all weapons *short* of the hydrogen bomb, used the hydrogen bomb against Russia. Face saving, even childish, we may label it as a formula, but in our present fog of suspicion, it seems to have possibilities of greatness in its very simplicity.

Instant Retaliation.—Now it was quite obvious that the Woodward formula would be open to objections by military pundits, and General Martin "instantly retaliated" with a *reductio ad absurdum* under three heads. (1) The situation would never be clear enough in war to justify instant retaliation, say, by Bomber Command on New York or the U.S. Air Force on London at the instance of "aggrieved" Russia. The Kremlin, if it wanted hydrogen war, would, and easily could, fake a total destruction (by America or Britain) of two U.S.S.R. cities by the H. Bomb. (2) To outlaw the hydrogen bomb as a last defence would take away our last shield and give the Red Army a walk-over in Europe any day it pleased. This, of course, is the old argument of E.D.C., so often stressed by Mr. Churchill and Mr. Dulles. (3) Not many responsible people of the West could so complacently equate the U.S.S.R., on its past ten-years' record, with the U.S.A. as allies. Most would prefer to die with the U.S.A. than win a breathing space with the U.S.S.R. A promising proposal: an unanswerable objection; and we are where we were, and are, once more. Unless we recognize that "child's play" must be employed to bring the principals together and teach them round a table (the only possible way) that the game they are playing is not childish but suicidal. We know that saving face must come before saving humanity and the simplest formula is most likely to bring them to the table. At the moment the statesmen of the world are qualifying for the label in history of "Atomic Comics." Some formula must be found to save them from that label.

Members' Allowances.—When the Premier announced his compromise on members' pay increases several things were made clear. Firstly, that at the moment all members are sick of this question, which has not added to the dignity or popularity of the Commons and wish it forgotten *pro. tem.* Secondly that it is a mere interim compromise and will surely be raised again in the next Parliament and be quickly agreed and passed, probably on an increased salary basis. For my part, I shall always regret if any proposal is adopted which secures a higher salary or expense allowance to those members who are rich enough to enter Parliament without the need to earn money by outside work or those who prefer to earn "outside" fees which make them rich men (as riches go to-day). The House of Commons is a better place, if the ideal of voluntary, unpaid service survive in it. As for the compromise, in terms of £ s. d., there is a considerable difference (on paper) between £500 a year and the scale of expense allowance. If Parliament sat every week in the year, £8 a week or £400 a year would accrue to a member (£2 a day for four days a week). But Parliament has many weeks of recess, and the compromise boils down (on paper) to about half the proposed salary increase. And yet to many of us it seems a reasonable enough and generous enough attempt to put right serious hardships.

How to be Rich Though "Middle Class."—Reading an article in *Lloyds Bank Review* on the plight of the middle classes, I took note of the writer's exceptions to their common austerity. There are still chances for a few to get rich. These are the lucky gamblers; even luck in business dealings. Bachelors and the childless can do themselves pretty well still, and a house with four or five wage earners in it (from £6 a week upward) can still keep the

THE NEW GREAT SEAL OF SCOTLAND

THE OBVERSE OF THE NEW SEAL WHICH WAS RECENTLY APPROVED BY THE QUEEN: Designed by Mr. Gilbert Ledward, it portrays Her Majesty crowned and throned, wearing her Robes of State and holding the Sceptre and the Orb. She wears the Collar of the Order of the Thistle with the thistle motto ("Nemo me impune lacessit") as the background to her head and shoulders. The throne is flanked by two shields displaying the Royal Arms in their Scottish form. The reverse bears an elaborate representation of the Royal Arms in their Scottish form, engraved in 1903 under the direction of His Majesty's Engraver of Seals from the design provided by Lyon King of Arms. This reverse has been unchanged since. The Great Seal, appointed by the Treaty of Union of 1707 to be kept and used in place of the pre-Union Great Seal of Scotland, is renewed for each reign. At last week's meeting of the Privy Council, the Queen defaced the Seal approved by the late King, which was then in use, and gave the new Seal to its keeper, the Secretary of State for Scotland.

tight and the larder full. There is another class not mentioned, which I fancy does itself pretty well—the cash traders. This is to-day a vastly expanding class. Every year I pay a fee to experts to ensure that my income-tax returns do not cheat the Chancellor of a penny. He and they have entry to my bank and check my receipts. And I pay, as ordered, and look pleasant. But what do the sleuths know of the profits of the spot-cash gentry who live all round me? The scrap-merchants, the timber-buyers, the racing fraternity, all who buy cheap and pay on the nail with greasy notes drawn from hundreds of notes in their wallets and hip-pockets. Who knows their profits or their many transactions? Sometimes when I sit as a Magistrate on income-tax appeals, I ask the attending officials. But I never get more than a head-shake or a raised eye-brow in reply.

"Paradise Enow."—"Peterborough," of D.T., that argus-eyed and perhaps multiple columnist, struck the inevitable note of departed glory in his reference to the Eton and Harrow first day at Lord's. Gone the tasselled walking-sticks, the formal dress of the boys and, of course, the free fights. The boys take cricket coolly as the weather does this year, and those who come to watch (in informal dress) remain to yawn and escape to a flick. But "Peterborough" rightly was more concerned with the pavilion; it is a large area, and the H.Q. of world cricket should not be a wilderness during a famous fixture; even the tails and toppers of the aged frequenters do not conceal the yawning emptiness, and top-hats are not fashionable wear in deserts. The empty pavilion at Lord's is *not* "paradise enow." "Peterborough" suggests that former Eton and Harrow players might be admitted to the pavilion as a Lord's Day observance. I welcome his suggestion and add a more revolutionary one. Why not on that day of youth add a little sparkle and colour to the Old Gentlemen's stronghold? Those of us who are at the dangerous (but I hope restrained) age of seventy would enjoy introducing a pretty granddaughter, great-niece or other juvenile pin-up into the pavilion and pointing out to her (if she could bear it) the finer points of the game, with reminiscences. We should enjoy the game far more and the pavilion, like the members' stands and boxes, would blossom as a rose.

Every Man a Penny.—The things you could buy with a penny before the wars! The catalogue makes one's mouth water to-day when a halfpenny change is not worth waiting for and a penny pays for half a postcard. The Banks are congested with unwanted pennies: they are said to have 150,000,000 of them weighing perhaps 1,400 tons. Since the wars gluts of coppers have occurred and have "settled themselves." The present glut is worse than any. To withdraw pennies is costly. Their cost as bronze is about half their face value as currency, so the loss on a ton of "coppers" scrapped is enormous, if you throw in costs of scrapping. The public don't want them in the quantity now still in circulation. Indeed, the ugly little threepenny-bit is very nearly to-day the lowest common measure of currency and there is certainly much to be said for scrapping the halfpenny piece *in toto*. No doubt, there are still commodities to be got for 2d., and the change from three such transactions would be worth a 3d. piece. But it really looks as if we should face the loss of liquidating halfpenny pieces and reducing penny pieces by a 1,000 million, or so. Perhaps the public could be induced to tender on more favourable terms than scrapping. Laid in patterns on a cement floor, they might make a pretty crazy pavement for your scullery or garden house. At the moment there appear to be in circulation about forty pennies per head of our population.

Every Boy a Stroke.—I was familiar as a schoolboy with that form of rough justice which canes a whole class because the offender does not own up. The idea was that justice was done in the end obliquely and with knobs on. The smarting innocents took it out of the offender after school hours. And so perhaps it was in Durham, at Usworth Modern School, where the headmaster gave one stroke of the cane to every scholar because after a warning some miscreant had defaced, with obscenities, the school's newly-decorated porch. I, myself, find no difference between the urchin who scrawls nasty words on the wall of a public convenience and the older urchin who writes an "obscene" novel. Vanity is at the root of it, an urge for self expression which apparently is justified if the obscenity is a jewel in a beautiful setting called literature or art, which the wall of a public convenience hardly ever is. Perhaps a porch at one of our "super-Etons" can qualify as a beautiful setting of literature and art, justifying the jewelled scrawl. If so, perhaps the headmaster went too far. But it is very difficult to decide what is mere nastiness and what is realism in art and literature, and I rather hope that no parent will bring an action against the headmaster.

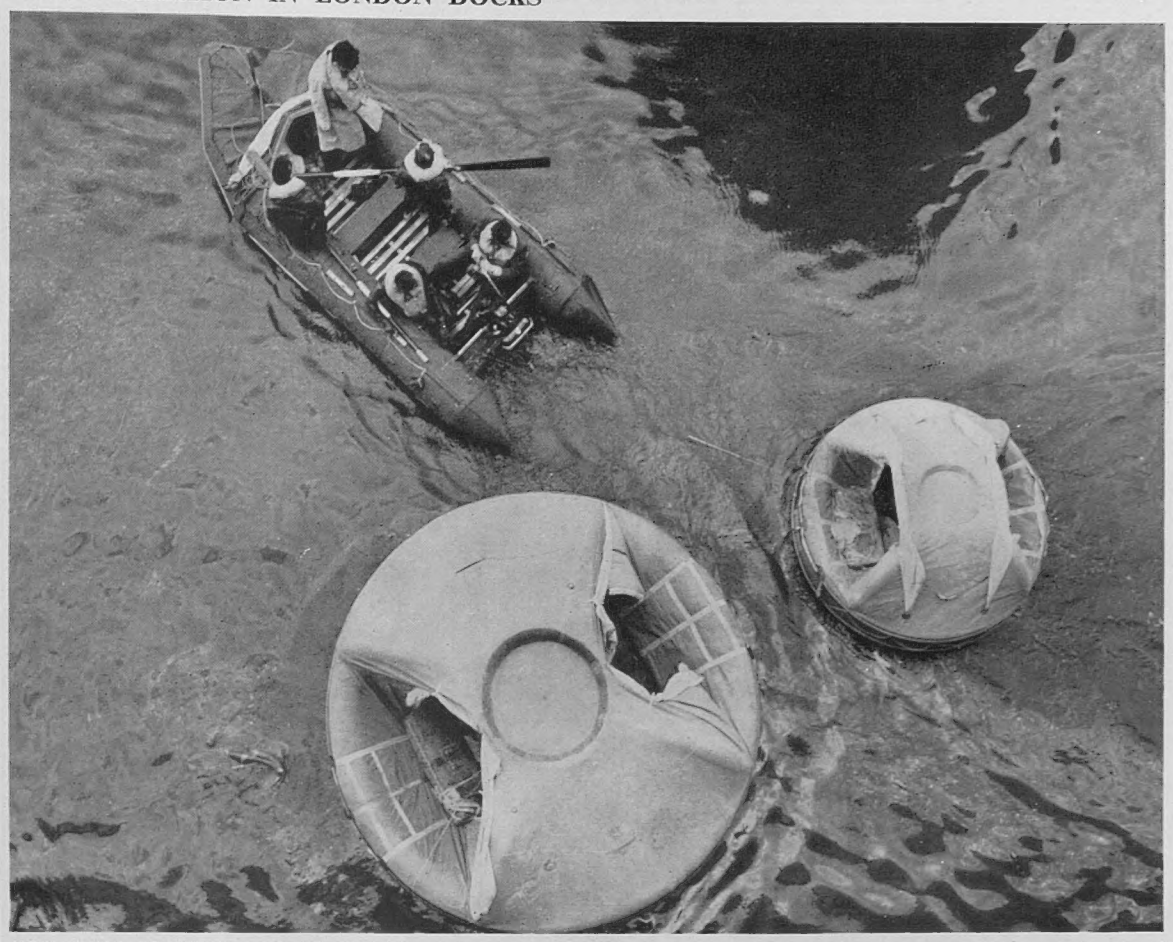
THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

COWES WEEK

Uffa Fox Discusses Conditions and Prospects for this Year's Sailing

DEMONSTRATION IN LONDON DOCKS



NEW WAYS OF SAVING LIFE AT SEA: These inflatable craft were demonstrated recently from the *Durban Castle* in King George V Dock. The round dinghies are built to hold either ten or twenty persons, and designed for immediate flotation under the most adverse conditions, as well as to provide survivors with protection from exposure. The power-operated inflatable craft, also in the picture, has been primarily designed for military purposes. It has shallow draft, a high degree of seaworthiness and small stowage volume. This boat can be propelled by oars, sail, or outboard motor. The larger versions are capable of speeds of over 24 knots.

SOUTHWARK'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL IS BEING REBUILT

A CRANE IN THE NAVE—WORK IN PROGRESS AT THE BADLY-BOMBED ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL IN SOUTH-EAST LONDON: The rebuilding will take about five years to complete; at the moment little more than the main walls are standing. On each side of the tall crane are the bases for several new pillars. There is still a debt of £90,000 to be made good within the next three years; during the last twelve months, £10,000 has been subscribed to the Rebuilding Fund. The donations sent by the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and the Queen Mother to the Fund are believed to be the first Royal gifts to a Roman Catholic cause since the Reformation. St. George's Roman Catholic Cathedral was built to Augustus Pugin's design; work started in 1840 and was completed in 1848. The cathedral stands on the very site where the "No Popery" rioters assembled in 1780.

GLOUCESTER IS BLESSED BY ITS NEW BISHOP

ENTHRONEMENT OF THE NEW BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER: The Rt. Reverend Wilfred Marcus Askwith, D.D., was enthroned last week as thirty-seventh Bishop of Gloucester in succession to Dr. C. S. Woodward. He is seen blessing the City of Gloucester after the ceremony from the west door of the Cathedral. He is accompanied by his Suffragan Bishop of Tewkesbury, and Archdeacons and Wardens. For twelve years previously, Dr. Askwith was Bishop of Blackburn. Carrying a living of £4,300, Gloucester is one of the more substantial bishoprics.

THE QUEEN REVIVES A TRADITION

THE QUEEN DINES WITH HER LORDS LIEUTENANT: She is seen being greeted Lancaster House, St. James's, by the Lord Lieutenant for the West Riding, t Earl of Scarbrough. With the Duke of Edinburgh, she dined with about nine Lords Lieutenant in the Great Gallery. This was the first time this century th the Lords Lieutenant, whose privilege it is to play host to the Queen when s visits their counties, had entertained the Sovereign together. After dinner th presented her with a painting of the Duke of Edinburgh's Coronation homa

A NEW CHAMPION MARKSMAN AT BISLEY

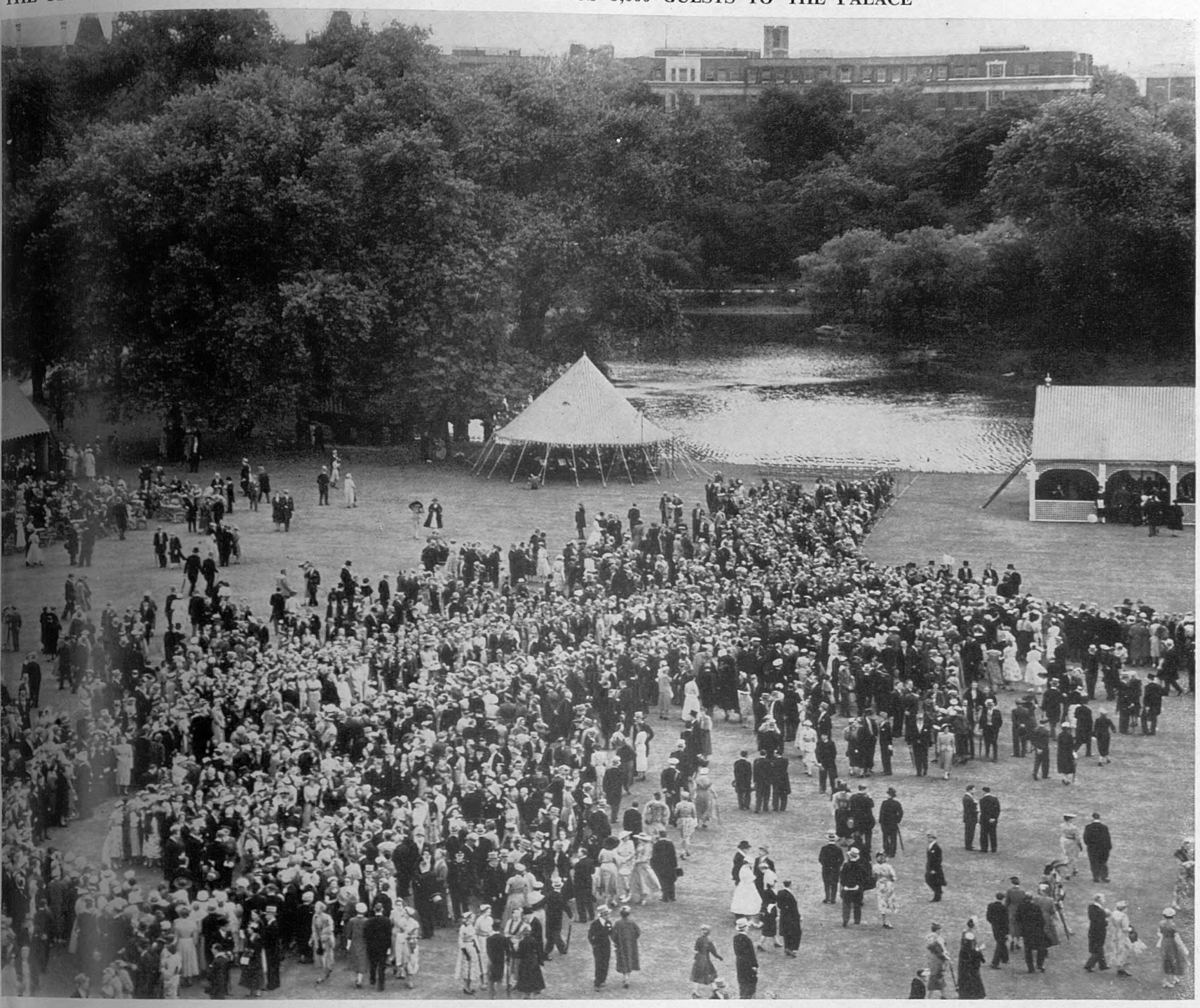
ROYAL AND OTHER TRADITIONS

Despite the Vile Weathe England's Summer Traditio Continue to Flourish

On left—

CHAIRING THE WINNER AT BISLE Major G. E. Twine, a solicitor Basingstoke and late of the R Artillery, is seen being chaired a winning the Queen's Prize at Bis with the fine score of 278 out o possible 300; this was five m than last year's winner, M M. W. McCaw, who this year runner-up with 274. Major Tw had previously won the Si Medal, during the second stage the shoot, with 145 out of a poss 150. The weather conditions the final stage were bad; ho rain during the night had soa the camp and ranges, and mos the final stage was shot in a str wind and heavy rain. Chairing winner is the traditional ending the Queen's Prize shoot—the m coveted of marksmen's troph The winner is usually given fairly rough ride in the

THE FIRST ROYAL GARDEN PARTY OF THE SEASON BRINGS 8,000 GUESTS TO THE PALACE



Above and *on left*—THE QUEEN AND HER GUESTS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE : There were 8,000 guests at the Queen's first big garden party of the season at Buckingham Palace last week. Most of the guests carried umbrellas, which, fortunately, were not required to be unrolled. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh went into the garden to mingle with their guests shortly after 4 p.m. She wore a fitted dress of buttercup taffeta and a wide-brimmed hat of layer on layer of yellow tulle. Other members of the Royal Family present were the Queen Mother, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and the Princess Royal and her sons. Sir Winston and Lady Churchill were also there to take tea with the Queen.

THE BEDFORD FAMILY RETURNS FROM AFRICA

THE NEW DUKE OF BEDFORD COMES HOME : The Duke, with his wife and their five children, returned from South Africa in the *City of Exeter* to settle the affairs of the estate of his father, who died last October in a shooting accident. Left to right, they are : Lord Rudolph Russell, the Duke's second son by his first marriage, the Duchess, the Duke, Miss Lorna Lyle, the Duchess's daughter by her first marriage, four-year-old Lord Francis Russell, son of the present marriage, the Marquess of Tavistock (the Duke's heir), and Sir Gavin Lyle. The Duke emigrated to South Africa six years ago and has a 200-acre farm in Cape Province.

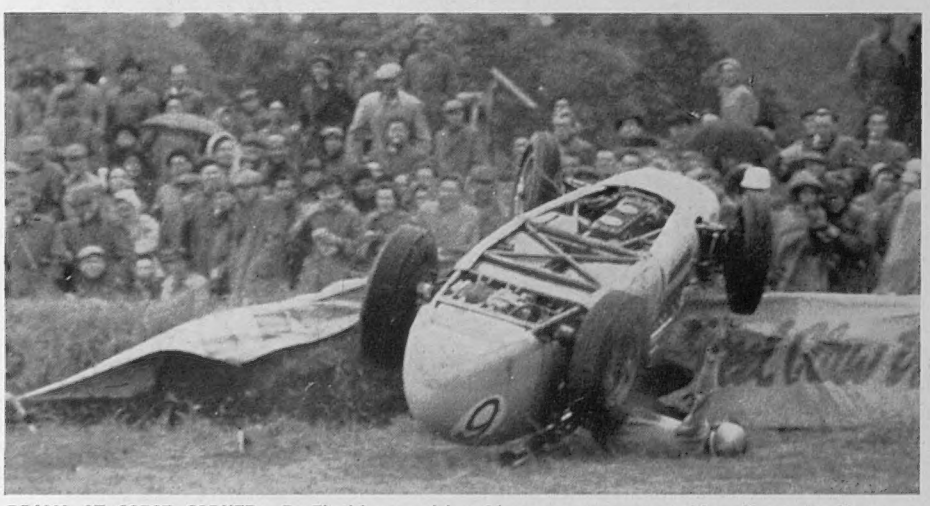
THE START OF THIS YEAR'S BRITISH GRAND PRIX AT SILVERSTONE : In the lead is seen Froilan Gonzales (No. 9) in his red Ferrari, who never lost first place throughout the race. Second at the start is seen Stirling Moss (7), Maserati. Seen lying third is Juan Fangio (1), Mercédès, who finished fourth ; and fourth is Mike Hawthorn (11), Ferrari, who finished second.

GRAND PRIX THRILLS

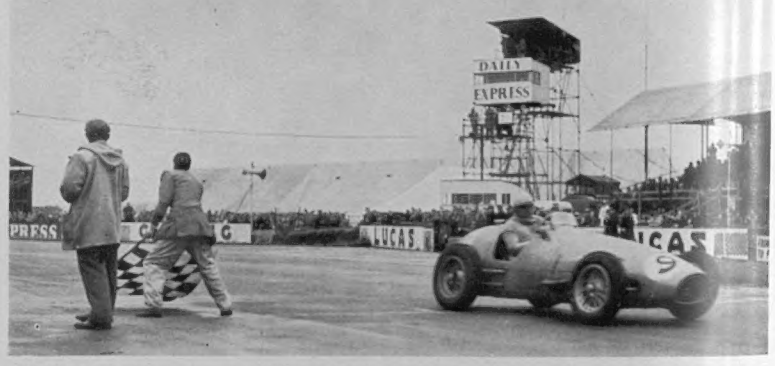
Froilan Gonzales and the Ferrari Team Triumph Again in the 7th R.A.C. British Grand Prix at Silverstone

There was much interesting racing in the Seventh R.A.C. British Grand Prix at Silverstone last week. By gaining three of the first five places Ferraris proved themselves once again supreme on the Northamptonshire track, despite the strong challenge of the new German Mercédès cars and, of course, the traditional foes, Maserati. This year's race was also a great triumph for Argentinian drivers. Of the four South Americans in the race, Gonzales came first, Marimon third, Fangio fourth and Mieres sixth. The two British drivers, Stirling Moss and Mike Hawthorn, had a tremendous duel for nearly forty laps ; then, when lying easily second with only ten laps to go, Moss's Maserati had to retire with transmission trouble. Hawthorn drove excellently to finish second to his team-mate Gonzales.

THE WINNER TAKES A SHARP BEND : Froilan Gonzales taking his works team Ferrari round one of the eight curves on the rain-soaked Silverstone track. At this stage he had already lapped a number of other cars, and he eventually lapped all except Hawthorn.



DRAMA AT COPSE CORNER : R. Flockhart raising his arms to protect himself as the Maserati he was driving hurtled through a barrier after overturning. Flockhart miraculously escaped unhurt. He was driving Prince Bira's Maserati ; Bira was not feeling well, stopped at the pits and handed over his vehicle to Flockhart, and it was on the very next lap that the mishap occurred. The Maserati was badly damaged.



GONZALES WINS HIS SECOND BRITISH GRAND PRIX : The Argentinian driver passing the chequered flag after completing the ninety-lap course in 2 hrs. 56 mins. 14 secs., at an average speed of 89.69 miles an hour. This was the fourth successive British Grand Prix won by a Ferrari car.

IN THE PIT OF THE VICTORIOUS FERRARIS : In the foreground is Hawthorn's car, which came second ; its driver, in dark jacket and white trousers, is seen behind the steward with armband. Behind is Trintignant's car, with the driver looking at its tail ; this car came fifth. In the background the eventual winner, Gonzales, can be seen driving into the pit.

CONFERENCES

IN LONDON, PARIS AND GENEVA THE STATESMEN OF THE WORLD MEET AT A CRITICAL TIME

On left—

DISCUSSING CONVERTIBILITY IN LONDON: The opening of the conference in Church House, Westminster, of Ministers representing countries of the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation. In the President's chair is seen the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. R. A. Butler, and on either side of him sit Sir Hugh Ellis-Rees (left), Permanent United Kingdom Delegate to O.E.E.C., and M. Robert Marjolin, Secretary-General of the Organisation. The meeting of Ministers was called for by a resolution of the O.E.E.C. Council in May to examine the problems that will arise if several countries belonging to the Organisation decide to make their currencies fully convertible. At the meeting there were representatives of France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Greece, the Benelux countries and the Scandinavian countries. The two-day talks were held in private. The conference examined the measures needed to safeguard the free trade which had come about within Europe through O.E.E.C. It also discussed ways of maintaining the close relationships between those countries which have established reconvertibility and those whose currencies remain unconvertible. Finally, the Ministers considered the future of the European Payments Union.

"THAT ONE MAY SMILE, AND SMILE . . .": Mr. Molotov and M. Mendès-France during the first of their dinners in Geneva, which was held at the Russian Foreign Minister's villa. In the centre stands Mr. Molotov's deputy, Mr. Kouznetsov. Five days later, M. Mendès-France returned the compliment at his own villa, but the two ministers made no more appreciable progress.

A HAPPY MEETING IN PARIS: Smiles all round when Mr. Eden and Mr. Dulles met in Paris at the request of M. Mendès-France. Earlier, Mr. Dulles had refused to attend the resumption of the Geneva Conference until there were more hopes of a reasonable solution to the South-East Asia problem. However, his flight to Paris and the meeting of the Big Three there cleared up a number of points of disagreement, and Mr. Dulles returned to Washington satisfied.

A RECEPTION COMMITTEE FOR MR. DULLES: The American Secretary of State on his arrival at the Orly Airport, Paris. On his right are Mr. C. Douglas Dillon, American Ambassador to France, and Mr. Harold Stassen. On Mr. Dulles' left are M. Guerin de Beaumont, the French Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and M. Edgar Fauré, the French Minister of Finance, who represented his Prime Minister.

Geneva took on a remarkably business-like air last week as the French Premier, M. Pierre Mendès-France, fought desperately against time to secure a reasonable settlement in Indo-China. He personally undertook a series of exhaustive conferences with Mr. Molotov, Mr. Chou En-Lai, the Viet-Namese and Viet Minh delegates, and finally, also with the British and United States Foreign Secretaries. This last meeting between M. Mendès-France, Mr. Eden and Mr. Dulles came after Mr. Dulles had threatened not to send a senior representative to Switzerland. Finally, Mr. Dulles agreed to meet the other two Ministers in Paris. M. Mendès-France probably assured Mr. Dulles that France would not capitulate ignominously; this made Mr. Dulles happy and Mr. Molotov intransigeant.

A TALK WITH CHOU EN-LAI: M. Mendès-France in conference with the Chinese Foreign Minister (right) with the aid of an interpreter. Mr. Chou En-Lai later gave a dinner at his villa in honour of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chaplin.

PREPARING FOR THE WORLD GLIDING CHAMPIONSHIPS AT GREAT HUCKLOW, IN DERBYSHIRE: In the foreground of this picture, members of the American team carry out extensive checks over one of their Schweizer-built gliders. This model, the 1-23 E, is the most up-to-date glider which their team possess. Altogether, nineteen nations are represented.

PREPARATIONS AT GREAT HUCKLOW

The Final Scenes During the Practices for the World's Gliding Championships which Opened in Derbyshire last Tuesday

During the week preceding the World Gliding Championships which were started last Tuesday, Great Hucklow, where they are being held, was the scene of much activity. Many competitors had arrived early, hoping to get in some practice, and to familiarise themselves with the rugged Derbyshire terrain. Unfortunately, the weather for most of the week was of the wrong kind, and only a limited time could be spent in the air.

The Championships are divided into two classes: for single-seat sailplanes and for two-seat sailplanes, and each day the pilot is set one of four tasks. This will be either a distance flight, a flight to a goal declared by the pilot, a straight race, or a race over a triangular course.

OFF THE GROUND: A Spanish glider is seen as it becomes airborne. The tow-rope has momentarily slackened, but will soon become taut again as the glider begins the steady climb before releasing the rope altogether.

THE SPANIARDS LEAVE NOTHING TO CHANCE: Members of the Spanish team carry out maintenance tasks on one of their gliders, while Mr. Eric Taylor, one of the British officials, watches them closely. The British team, which won the championships in Spain in 1952, stand a good chance of retaining their position. They are one of the best equipped teams taking part.

A TRAGEDY DURING THE PRACTICE FLIGHTS: This is the wreckage of the glider piloted by Alois Hasenknopf, an Austrian, which crashed about two miles from Great Hucklow. According to an eye-witness, the wing of the aircraft broke while flying low, and although Hasenknopf tried to use his parachute, he was too near the ground for it to open and was killed. Hasenknopf was to have represented Austria in the Single-Seat Class.

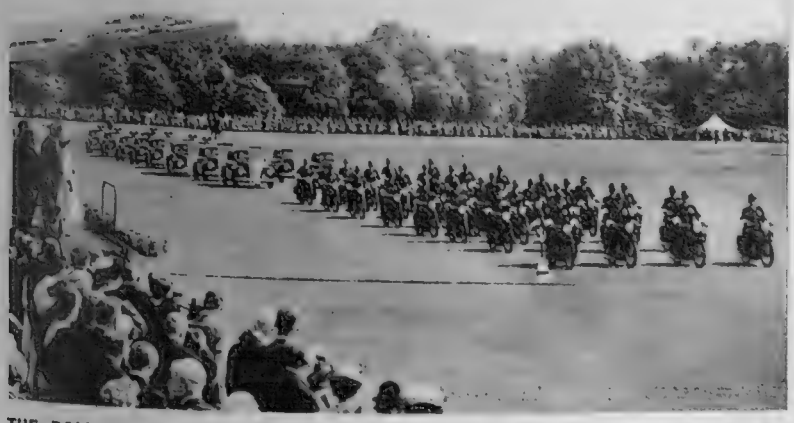
TEN THOUSAND POLICE DRAWN UP FOR INSPECTION IN HYDE PARK: An unusual view of the parade ground in London, as the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh drive in their Land-Rover towards the saluting dais after the inspection. Looming in the distance can be seen the four chimneys of Battersea Power Station.

For the first time since the Silver Jubilee Parade in 1935 there was a Royal Review of the Police, when the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, inspected 10,000 policemen and policewomen in Hyde Park. After touring the ranks, the Queen took the salute at the march-past, which was headed by the Commissioner of the Police in the Metropolis, Sir John Nott-Bower. A crowd of 25,000 watched the mounted police from the Metropolis and twelve provincial police forces leading detachments from all parts of Great Britain, including the Royal Ulster Constabulary, in their dark green uniforms, and the Scottish contingent, with their blue and white diced cap-bands, marching behind massed pipes and drums. Then came representatives of the women's police, the special constables, the transport and dock police and, of course, the police dogs with their handlers. Altogether more than one-eighth of the whole police force of the United Kingdom took part in this impressive and colourful display before the Queen.

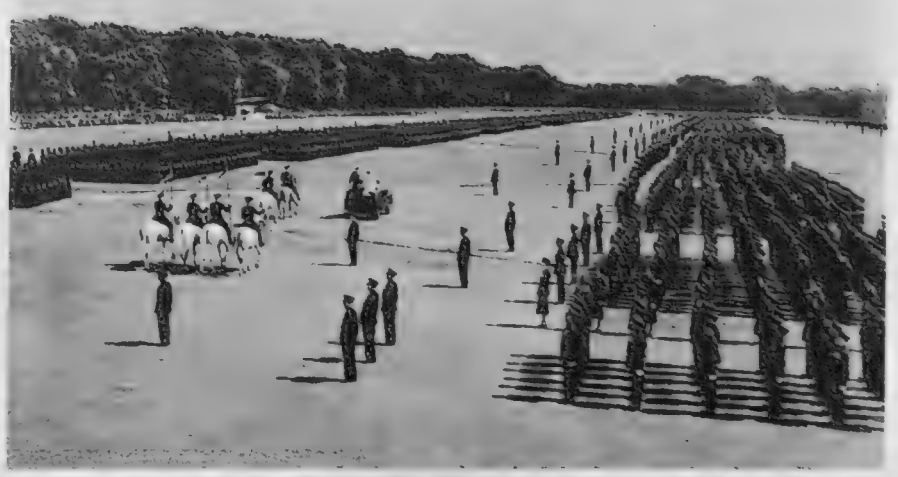
THE QUEEN REVIEWS THE POLICE

The Great Parade in Hyde Park of Policemen and Policewomen from all Parts of the United Kingdom, the First Royal Review since 1935

THE QUEEN MAKES HER INSPECTION: Holding her white, flat pancake-shaped hat, the Queen is seen with the Duke of Edinburgh during the inspection of the police. Accompanying her is Sir John Nott-Bower, mounted on Winston, which is the Queen's horse at the Trooping the Colour ceremony. Behind him is Sir Philip Margetson, the Assistant Commissioner of Police.



THE POLICE ON WHEELS: A contingent of motor cyclists, followed by motor cars of the Metropolitan Police, driving past the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, in Hyde Park. With the Queen on the dais were Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, the Home Secretary, and Mr. James Stuart, the Secretary of State for Scotland.



PAST THE LONG RANKS OF THE PARADE: The Royal Land-Rover driving past the centre rank of the parade. The Queen is seen being escorted by four policemen mounted on greys and carrying lances with blue and white pennants. The three lines of police and their vehicles drawn up for review were each nearly a quarter of a mile long.

The Foreign News in Pictures

PARIS CELEBRATES

And a Survey of Other Recent Events in Europe, Australia, Asia and America

In good times and bad, come what may, the Frenchman will commemorate Bastille Day. Nowhere was this better exemplified than in Paris this year, where the Prime Minister, M. Mendès-France, managed to snatch a few moments from his conferences with Mr. Eden and Mr. Dulles and his peace talks in Geneva with Mr. Molotov to appear on the Presidential dais at the military parade in the Champs Elysées. This parade was one of the biggest to be held in France since the liberation. Though low clouds prevented aircraft flying overhead to herald the great procession, there were 11,700 troops and over 300 vehicles to roll down the great Paris avenue past the President of the Republic. Notable in the parade were the tanks, the colonial parachutists, the turbaned "tirailleurs" and the North African Camel Corps. Afterwards there were large crowds waiting to get into the Opéra and the Comedie Française for the free matinees. In Paris and throughout France there were the usual expressions of patriotic rejoicings, with dancing in the streets and other revels. For one day Frenchmen joined wholeheartedly in commemorating the great event of 1789. As the French Ambassador said in London, "Our Governments may come and our Governments may go, but the Quatorze Juillet goes on for ever."

TAKING TIME OFF TO CELEBRATE BASTILLE DAY: The group on the President's dais at the traditional military parade in the Champs Elysees, in Paris, which was held to commemorate the fall of the Bastille in 1789. From left can be seen General Koenig, the Minister of Defence; M. Pierre Mendès-France, the French Premier; M. André le Troquer, President of the National Assembly; President Coty; and M. Gaston Monnerville, President of the Senate.

FRENCH ARMOUR ON PARADE: Part of the parade of more than 300 tanks and armoured cars sweeping down the Champs Elysées from the Arc de Triomphe, while President Coty takes the salute from the dais on right. This year's parade was the biggest to be held on Bastille Day since the war, and was followed by the customary celebrations throughout the country.

UNITED EUROPE'S SOCIALISTS MEET: Some of the delegates on the platform at the seventh European Congress of the Socialist Movement for a United Europe, which was held in Milan. From left are M. Fernand Dehousse, a Belgian Senator; M. André Philip, also a Belgian Senator; Signor Schiavi, an Italian Senator; and Signora Lefeure. More than 250 delegates from fifty countries attended the congress, at which M. Paul Henri Spaak was one of the speakers.

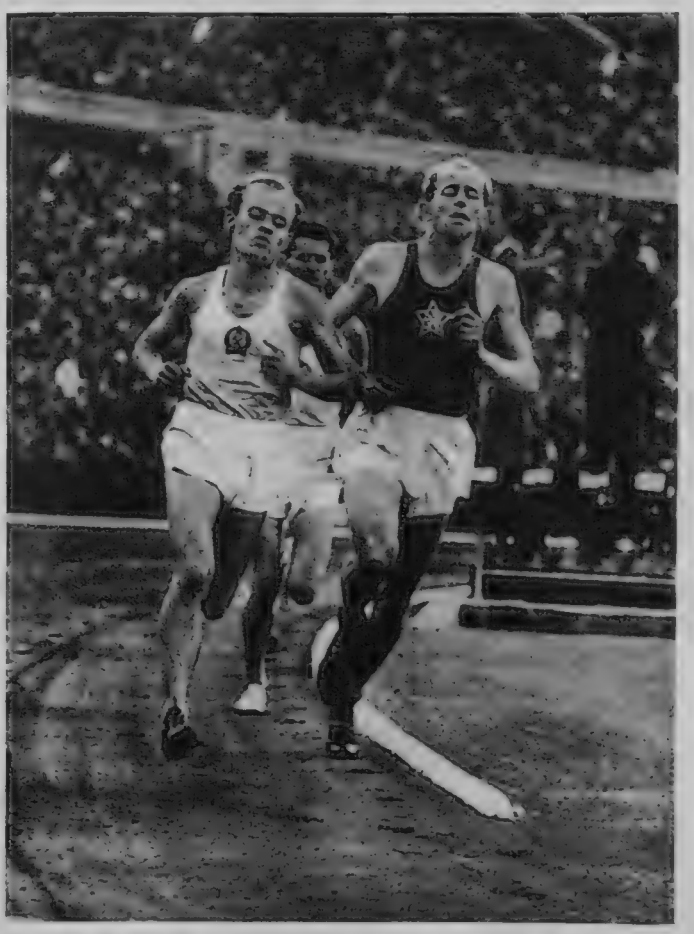
A SMART TURN OUT BY THE CAMELS: M. Coty, accompanied by General Koenig, inspecting the French Army's famous North African Camel Corps. As the President passes, the camels can be seen standing smartly to attention.

MRS. PETROV LEAVES THE HIGH COURT BUILDING IN SYDNEY AFTER TESTIFYING BEFORE THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON ESPIONAGE: In her evidence Mrs. Petrov (left), who held the rank of Captain in the MVD, the Russian Secret Police, told the Commission her reasons for deciding to join her husband in Australia. At first, she said, she did not wish to live in Australia because she had relatives in Russia, and even after her husband had left the Russian Embassy she was still in this frame of mind, but she was told that he had been kidnapped. Eventually, while being taken on her dramatic journey across Australia, bound for Russia, she became convinced that once she reached the U.S.S.R. she would be shot.

REBUILDING THE SCOUT MOVEMENT IN PERSIA : The Shah of Persia seen at a Boy Scout Jamboree on the Caspian coast. During the war the Boy Scout movement there had been allowed to lapse, but now great efforts are being made to rebuild it. A number of Scout Leader training camps have been established and the Shah has been taking a keen interest in them.

OIL EXPLORATION IN MALTA : The Prime Minister of Malta, Dr. Borg Olivier (right), shaking hands with Mr. J. McV. Luard, manager of the D'Arcy Exploration Company, after the signing of an oil exploration licence at the Auberge D'Aragon, the Prime Minister's office in Valetta. Between them stands Dr. L. A. de Laive, a United Nations technical officer, who has been advising the Maltese Government on the question of oil exploration in the island. The D'Arcy Exploration Company is a subsidiary of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. For some time the Maltese Government had been considering the possibilities of exploring the mineral wealth of the island, and this agreement marks the first steps taken in that direction. A considerable amount of technical and geological data remains to be acquired, and the D'Arcy Exploration Company may take some time to come to any conclusions on the mineral potentialities of Malta. If oil was found in economic quantities it would, of course, revolutionise Malta's economy, a pleasing prospect for the Maltese Government.

OPENING A CONTROVERSIAL DAM IN NORTH-WEST INDIA : Mr. Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister, addressing the crowds after he had ceremonially opened the Bhakra-Nangal Dam in the East Punjab. This dam is part of an enormous canal network which will irrigate 6,000,000 acres of land in the Punjab, the P.E.P.S.U., and Rajastan. With the diversion of the waters of the River Sutlej to supply this canal, something like one sixteenth of the cultivated area of East Pakistan is threatened with a loss of irrigation, and the Pakistan Government has protested vigorously to the Indian Government about this loss. No immediate crisis is likely to arise in Pakistan, for the land which is to be irrigated by the Sutlej cannot yet absorb all the waters which would be available, and provided there are reasonable monsoons, Pakistan should still have sufficient water for the next five years. By that time it is hoped that the Pakistan Government will have completed the construction of its own canal system as an alternative to the Sutlej, to which the Indian Government can be said to be entitled under the compromise proposals made by the World Bank in 1948.



ZATOPEK IS BEATEN IN BUDAPEST : Emil Zatopek (right), the great Czech runner and record-holder, being overtaken by the Hungarian, J. Kovacs, near the end of the 10,000-metres race during the athletics match between Hungary and Czechoslovakia at the People's Stadium, Budapest. Kovacs, who is fast gaining a reputation as one of the best long-distance runners in Europe, and whose absence at the Amateur Athletics Championships because of injury was greatly regretted, won the race in a time of 29 mins. 9 secs. Four weeks earlier Zatopek, now the holder of nine world records, had broken the 10,000-metres record in Paris with a time of 28 mins. 54·2 secs. Zatopek is now 31 years old.

On left—

GENERAL FRANCO'S DAUGHTER AT THE WHITE HOUSE : Señora Bordiu, formerly Carmen Franco, the Caudillo's daughter, was the guest of President Eisenhower in Washington during an unofficial visit to the United States. In this group at the White House are, from left, Dr. Martinez Bordiu ; Señora de Lequerica, wife of the Spanish Ambassador in Washington ; Señora Bordiu ; Mrs. Eisenhower ; the President, and Señor Don Jose de Lequerica. This is Señora Bordiu's first visit to the United States with her husband.

A Countryman's Journal

THE VALUE OF LOCAL HISTORY

By VICTOR BONHAM-CARTER

This is the first of a series of "extracts" from a countryman's journal. Mr. Bonham-Carter and his wife have their own 135-acre farm near Dulverton, in Somerset, where their special pride is the herd of Guernsey dairy-cattle and the Bullington herd of pedigree Wessex saddle-backs. Besides being a busy and practical farmer, Mr. Bonham-Carter is also a broadcaster, and a writer whose works, notably on the English Village, appeal to a wide section of readers not confined to country-lovers.

SUMMER is a season of festivals. Unhappily most of the old ones have died out, and the survivors are either ghosts of their former selves or perhaps rather consciously preserved in a few corners of the country. Who now lights bonfires on Midsummer Eve or plaits a corn dolly from the last sheaf of harvest? This is due partly to the general eclipse of tradition, but more especially to the mechanisation of farming. Hay making and corn harvest call less and less for the communal efforts of neighbours, and thus for celebration. They are now ordinary farm operations between June and September, and on my own farm in West Somerset for instance two or three men and a machine can look after them. And no one, I am afraid, makes a song about that.

On the other hand new customs are coming along, less romantic but just as real: the customs of holidays, of summer schools, and of provincial arts festivals. They have already become part of our existence, and time is gradually casting its spell over them. The historian understands all this well enough, although most of us may miss the point of it. We look on summer merely as the pleasantest time in which to relax after the year's work. The office is shut, or someone else does our work for the fortnight we are away. But in the countryside we cannot close the shutters, and it is still very difficult to arrange a holiday roster. Seasons pass and the land has to be served just the same, so it is still the usual practice to take a day here and a week-end there. This is more or less what happened in the past. A feast or a fair was held when a task was done, and certain dates were fixed to mark the customary completion of these tasks, and the Church sanctified them as holy-days or holidays.

The countryside is indeed full of history, not only of the kind that fills the history books. Battles and royal encounters are one thing, but the harvest home is another, and so is the peculiar shape and name of, say, a Fenland or a Pennine farm, and no less important. In a recent series of broadcasts Dr. W. G. Hoskins gave a fascinating account of some of the historical things we take for granted in the country: why a Devon lane runs beneath the level of the fields and leads nowhere in particular, why a Midland pasture undulates like the surface of the sea, why so many main roads have broad grass verges, and so on.

Everywhere you look you find the raw material of history. In my own village alone I have picked up enough oddments to make a book. Heaven knows if I shall ever write it. So many subjects are involved—topography, church and civil history, genealogy, local government, rights-of-way, farm practice, botany, custom, the weather, there is no end to them. But there is another snag. People tell you things in all good faith, but if you check up you find a host of errors, from a wrong date to unlimited fantasy. How often are you told, for example, that a prehistoric camp is a *Roman* ruin, or simply that root crops were bigger and better fifty years ago? The ordinary man probably hasn't the time or inclination for research. What he wants is accurate information and a recognised place where he can go and get it.

I was thinking of this a few weeks ago when I attended the reopening of the Somerset County Museum at Taunton Castle. A good provincial museum is surely the right answer to my query, but how few people appreciate it. The word "museum" puts them off. They think of it in terms of dusty showcases or meaningless collections of coins, and I suppose there are still such places about. But at Taunton—no. Here no less than £20,000 has been spent in restoring the building and in equipping it.

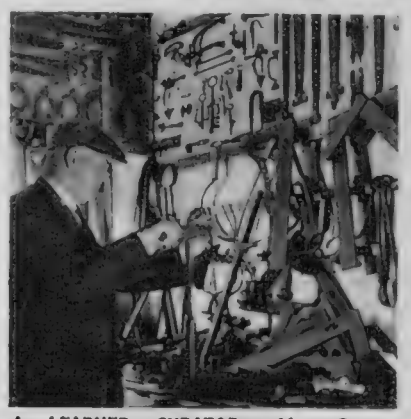
AN EXHIBITION FIRE-PLACE IN A MUSEUM OF VILLAGE LIFE: This is one of the exhibits at the little village museum in Filkins, Gloucestershire. The fire-place is well stocked with cooking utensils of all kinds, some of them displaying the great ingenuity that must have gone into devising them.

SELWORTHY AND ITS PARISH CHURCH, WHICH IS NOW THREATENED BY THE DEATH-WATCH BEETLE: One of the picturesque cottages in the delightful Somerset village, with the fine parish church of All Saints rising on the hill behind. The discovery that the death-watch beetle has been attacking the church has come as a great shock to the parishioners of Selworthy. A recent report states that the timbers in the north aisle have been very badly affected, and that part of the wall plate, the purlings and braces, will have to be renewed. The south aisle, however, which has one of the finest wagon roofs in the country, is only affected in a few places. Apart from renewing the affected timbers all the woodwork in the church will have to be pressure-sprayed. Work on the church will begin in the autumn, and an appeal has already been launched for funds to cover the cost of the repairs.

The castle itself is an attractive sandstone building dating from the twelfth century. It was damaged in the Civil War and afterwards the fortifications were pulled down and the moat filled in. It was partly rebuilt in the eighteenth century, and to-day you can say it is medieval outside and late-Georgian inside. A very pleasant combination. Its main feature is the Great Hall where tradition says Judge Jeffreys held the notorious trials after the Battle of Sedgmoor in 1685. This hall has been almost completely restored, a modern gallery put in and a beautifully carved eighteenth-century staircase, brought from the rectory of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol. Downstairs some fine new showcases have been installed, well lighted and furnished. In one of them the figure of a shoe craftsman is seen at his work a hundred years ago—shoe-making is still, in fact, a flourishing industry at Glastonbury and Street. In another you can see period costumes. In others there are a series of geological landscapes with painted backgrounds, showing the evolution of the scenery in prehistoric times.

But the *pièce de resistance* is the fine Roman tessellated pavement, about 13 ft. square, which has the place of honour on the ground floor. This has five figured panels illustrating the love of Dido and Aeneas, and is an outstanding example of a fourth-century mosaic. How it came to Taunton is a tale by itself. The villa to which it belonged was first discovered in 1938 at Low Ham, near Langport, in East Somerset. Excavation was held up until after the war when, except for a little damage by medieval ploughing, the pavement was found to be virtually intact. Eventually the owners of the property presented it to the museum and removal took place late last year. This was done with great skill by Italian workmen. After superficial drying, the pavement was cut into sections and linen glued down all over the surface. It was then literally rolled up like a sheet of linoleum and taken away on plywood boards. Finally it was unrolled and reset on to a concrete slab and placed in the museum.

Work is still going on at Taunton and it is intended to make further improvements. Meanwhile the keeper and his staff are gradually unpacking the collections stored away while the builders are busy in the main block, and there is little doubt that the museum will soon be one of the best of its kind in the country.



A LEARNED CURATOR: Mr. George Swinford, who has an immense local knowledge and is the curator of the Filkins Museum, is seen with part of the collection of tools and metalwork.

All this puts me in mind of what a provincial museum can do. Its first job clearly is to conserve worthwhile material and to gather and assess information about the past life of the region. Secondly it must actively disseminate all this knowledge, not only among schools as a straight educational service but also among adults, by attracting them to the museum and by publicity. In other words it should (together with the County Archives and the Library) become the chief storehouse of local knowledge. This is a commonplace in the northern countries where so-called "folk museums" are truly popular. These are places where the past is faithfully reconstructed and all the objects are shown in action in relation to their use, for instance, a medieval peasant's dwelling with full furnishings and equipment, an example that is being followed over here at York, St. Fagan's, Cardiff, and elsewhere. Indeed, every provincial museum of size can make use of the "folk" method within practicable limits.

In this way, I suggest, much can be done in a sensible manner to preserve the feeling for locality that we are fast losing under the impact of modern life. Obviously we cannot pretend to be local beyond a certain point—people who revive dialect and wear smocks are rightly objects of derision because they are bogus. But that is no reason why we should completely abandon the heritage of local civilisation.

A provincial museum cannot house everything. As it covers a large area it must pick and choose, and it must be run by professionals. That leaves room for the occasional village museum, which is a wonderful opening for the amateur. Very recently I was taken round the lovely little museum at Filkins, in the Cotswold country. It is housed in two cottages in the middle of the village, and was founded over twenty years ago by Sir Stafford Cripps, and fostered by his family and by the present curator, Mr. George Swinford. A man of immense local knowledge, Mr. Swinford now has a fascinating collection of a purely village character.

It is not a general jumble of oddments which people have fobbed off. For example, there are no assegais from a forgotten Zulu war. But there is an amazing variety of items for the good reason that village life in the past was remarkably comprehensive. The constable's staff and lantern, all kinds of cooking utensils and gadgets including a clockwork spit, red earthenware pottery, a cobbler's bench and equipment, many kinds of craft and field tools, snuff and tobacco boxes, trade tokens and advertisements, the forerunner of all perambulators—the list is very long. Mr. Swinford can remember many of these things in use, and the people who used them, and his commentary makes it all come alive.

I feel certain that many villages could have museums like this. It would make an excellent annexe to the village hall or even to the church, and there are always some people who would make it their hobby. Apart from visitors it would become (as it has done at Filkins) a focus of pride and affection, and encourage that all-important sense of locality.

North of the Border

MORE POWER FOR THE HIGHLANDS

The New Hydro-Electric Project in Sutherland

The new power scheme launched last week by the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board at Loch Shin, near Lairg, Sutherland is the third biggest yet planned by the Board It will be known as the Loch Shin project, and will use the waters of the loch and its tributaries : the rivers Cassley and Brora, and other streams in Sutherland. The scheme will harness the water power resources of an area of about 250 square miles, and the annual output will be about 151,000,000 units. The work involved in the new project includes the construction of five power stations and four dams.

The inauguration of the scheme took place last week and the first explosive charges were set off by Miss Jessie Murray, whose family have been crofters on the same land for five generations. She said, in a speech at the ceremony, that it was hoped the scheme would be a great asset to the community, creating local employment and helping to stem the flow of the younger generation southwards. A great many people had gone away, but maybe the tide was turning. The chairman of the Board said the Highlands had "had enough and to spare of prophets of woe and lamentation."

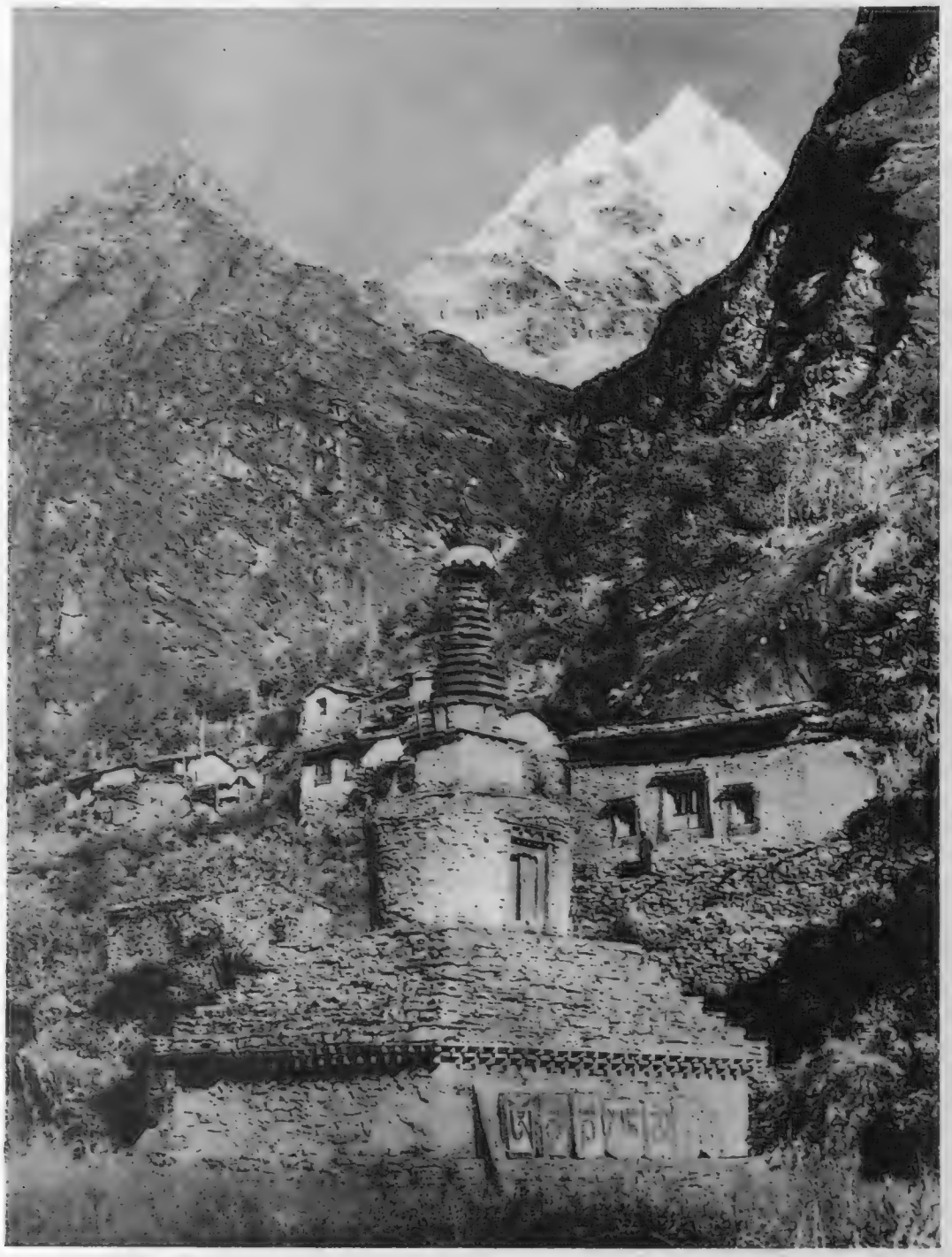
THE SITE OF A NEW HYDRO-ELECTRIC SCHEME IN THE HIGHLANDS : A view of Loch Shin, where the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board have launched their new £8,800,000 hydro-electric scheme, their third biggest yet planned. Away in the background is Lairg.

THE FIRST EXPLOSIVE CHARGES ON THE DAM SITE SET OFF BY A WOMAN CROFTER : The button to set off the explosions (*left*) was pressed by Miss Jessie Murray, of Drumnahaving, a crofter's daughter and a crofter in her own right. She is seen in the picture *on the right*, together with (from left of table) a workman engaged in the work ; Mr. Neil Beaton, member of the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board ; Mr. Thomas Johnston, chairman of the Board ; Brigadier G. S. Rawstorne, Lord Lieutenant of the County, and Sir David Robertson, M.P.

OFF TO THE EXTREME NORTH-WEST TIP OF SCOTLAND—AND THE TALLEST SEA CLIFF IN THE COUNTRY : A party of visitors, complete with tandem, embark in the ferry-boat near Cape Wrath Hotel for the trip across the Kyle of Durness en route to Cape Wrath and Clo Mor. *On left*—A view of the Clo Mor cliffs which rise to a height of over 700 ft. The distant point is Cape Wrath, the most northerly tip of the country.

The journey across the Kyle of Durness to the tallest sea-cliff in Britain and to the north-west extremity of Scotland is made by ferry-boat from Cape Wrath Hotel. Passengers are rowed across and, apart from luggage, the boat is only able to carry a bicycle, or at the most a tandem—as seen in the picture above. It is a 7-mile cycle run to Clo Mor from the landing stage, and 5 miles further on to the lighthouse at Cape Wrath, the granite headland of Sutherland, which rises 523 ft. above sea-level.

Clo Mor, seen in the picture on the left, is over 700 ft. high and has an almost sheer face. It was the first nesting-place of the fulmar petrel on the mainland of Britain ; to-day razorbills, guillemots and kittiwake gulls are the most numerous nesters. Standing on an adjoining cliff in the bottom left hand corner of the picture are puffins



NEWS FROM THE HIMALAYAS

Assaults are Planned on Saipal and Gauri Sankar; First Pictures, too, of the Austrian Expedition which Failed to Conquer Saipal

THE MOUNTAIN TORRENT IN THE ROLWALING GORGE, NEPAL: This glacier stream, of melted snow and ice from the Himalayas, rushes past giant boulders whose size can be estimated by comparison with the figures on the bridge. *On left*—Tucked away in the same valley is the tiny village of Beding; above it rises a spur of Gauri Sankar, the near 24,000-ft. peak which Raymond Lambert, the famous Swiss guide who nearly reached the top of Everest with Tensing, has applied to climb. It is on the Tibet-Nepal border.

GAURI SANKAR AND THE ROLWALING GORGE: A wild tangle of jungle reaches up to the snow-clad ridges. The probable route to the summit from Rolwaling gorge is the east ridge, which runs its course from the left of the picture up to the rocky crest.

The news that Raymond Lambert, the Swiss guide, has applied to climb the Nepal peak of Gauri Sankar is an event of great mountaineering significance, because Lambert was the Swiss guide who very nearly climbed Mount Everest in 1952 when, with Sherpa Tensing, he got within 700 ft. of the summit.

For Lambert, Gauri Sankar is a suitable and interesting choice. This mountain was formerly believed to be the highest in the world; it looks a giant because it is a completely isolated mountain, whose head towers above a gigantic gorge called the Rolwaling, which no European had seen until 1951 when members of Shipton's Everest Reconnaissance Expedition traversed its length.

Access to the mountain is not easy, but one helpful factor is that living in the heart of the gorge, completely cut off from their fellows, is a community of Sherpas who should be of great help to the Swiss party. These are friendly men and women, even more unsophisticated than the usual run of these people, who devote much of their time to the practice of the Buddhist religion. They are fine mountaineers and are of tremendous hardihood.

A Scottish expedition explored the region of Rolwaling in 1952 and climbed several of its peaks; they thought that the east ridge of the mountain was the only hopeful one from the gorge.

MEMBERS OF AN OXFORD HIMALAYAN EXPEDITION: These four young men are seen at Southampton, which they left last month in the liner *Canton* for Bombay. Left to right they are: Michael Arnold, of Gerrards Cross; Ian Davidson, of Hexham; Hilary Harrington, of Auckland, New Zealand (and a brother-in-law of Sir Edmund Hillary), and James Murray, of Lexington, Virginia. Sponsored by the Oxford University Exploration Club, the party aims to climb Saipal in August.

THE AUSTRIAN HIMALAYAN EXPEDITION HAS A VISITOR : The Rajah of Bagang is escorted back to Chainpur by the leader of the expedition, Dr. Rudolf Jonas (on right), after inspecting the equipment at their main camp.

SURVEYOR AT WORK : Hans Beyer, of the Vienna Technical Institute, was with the expedition to map this region of Western Nepal. To reach their base camp near Chainpur the Austrian expedition crossed a 6,000-ft. ridge of highlands which had previously been barred to Europeans. The expedition, however, apart from failing in its object, was marred by tragedy ; one of the expedition, Karl Reiss, died of pneumonia on Mount Saipal. The day before the final assault a blizzard sprang up with heavy snowfall and raging winds. In the tiny camp, 20,000 ft. up, Reiss was taken ill. His companions tried to carry him down the mountain through the blizzard, but he died on the way. Continuing bad weather forced the expedition to abandon the assault and return to Delhi.

ARGENTINE CLIMBER'S BODY IS TAKEN HOME : The Argentine Ambassador to India, Rene Lawson (in the foreground on right), stands by the carriage bearing the body of Argentine climber Francisco Ibanez at Delhi Airport. Ibanez died in hospital at Katmandu after having both his feet, which were badly frostbitten, amputated.

This season has been a hard one on the Himalayas. The Austrian expedition lost one man, the Italian expedition to Mount Api lost three, the Italian expedition to K2 lost one, and the Argentine expedition to Dhaulagiri lost its leader, Francisco Ibanez, after both his feet had been amputated for frostbite in Katmandu. Ibanez had kept his condition secret for three days so as not to distract his companions from the final assault ; he let them know when the attempt was abandoned and he could no longer walk. It took Sherpas fifteen days of marching through monsoon rain to carry him from the base camp to Pokhara.

HILLARY PAYS HIS LAST RESPECTS : Sir Edmund Hillary (second from left) and the British Ambassador to Nepal, Mr. C. H. Summerhayes, watch the body of Francisco Ibanez being flown from Katmandu Airport for embalming in Delhi. Ibanez was leader of an expedition to Mount Dhaulagiri (26,810 ft.).

INDIAN TROOPS CROSS A GORGE NEAR THE TIBETAN BORDER : These troops are reconnoitring the difficult country on the borders of Tibet ; including Nepal their frontier with the Chinese in Tibet is over 1,000 miles long.

On left—

The news that India and Communist China had signed an agreement restoring freedom of access to and from Tibet marks a relaxation of tension along the Himalayan frontier.

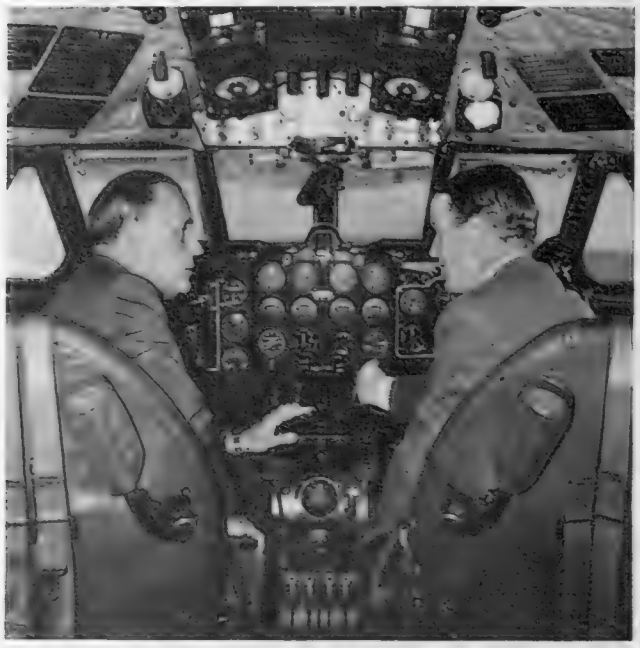
With the conclusion of the agreement, the military outpost placed by India inside Tibet is to be withdrawn, and Communist China will establish trading posts in New Delhi, Calcutta, and Kalimpong. Pilgrims will be allowed to travel back and fore across the passes to holy shrines on both sides of the range, and there will be much rejoicing on this account, for thousands used to make the journey each year.

As one approaches Tibet, wheatfields give way to narrow gorges climbing rapidly to the snow peaks barring access to the Tibetan plateau. Many difficult rivers have to be crossed, and over these, swinging chain bridges have been erected. Indian troops have been on reconnaissance over much of the Himalayan range and now they know the main points of weakness in the natural 1,000-mile barrier of the Himalayas.

CARRYING A MOTOR CHASSIS TO KATMANDU : Although there are motor roads within the environ of Nepal's capital there is no motor road into India ; so all goods, including motor vehicles, have to be carried in by Nepalese coolies over two 7,000-ft. passes. Other goods are usually carried in baskets, slung either side of a pole, which is carried across the shoulders. Coolies will also carry a human passenger—in a basket. The rate for this job is about 7s. for 12 miles. This is not a very comfortable method of travel ; sitting in a basket for perhaps 8 hours is a job for legs well-adapted to the cross-legged crouch. Both porter and passenger need a rest every twenty minutes or so. But this system will probably end in the near future ; India is building a motor road into Katmandu.

AIR NEWS FROM TWO CONTINENTS

Recent Civil and Military Aviation Pictures from this Country and the United States



TRYING OUT THE COMET II : Dr. Paulo Sampaio, the President of the Brazilian air lines, Panair do Brasil, is seen (left) being shown the intricacies of the flight deck of the Comet II, by John Cunningham, the test pilot. Dr. Sampaio has ordered four of these aircraft for his airline, which is the sixth largest in the world, and has an option on four of the Comet III's, which are now almost ready for flight trials. It is expected that the Mark III, the biggest version of the Comet yet built, will be on display at the Farnborough Air Show later this year.

THE DE HAVILLAND 110 IS FITTED WITH A NEW TAILPLANE : The second prototype of this speedy looking aircraft, which is at present under development for the Royal Navy, is seen flying with its new, all-moving tailplane. It is the first British aircraft to be fitted with this device which gives improved manoeuvrability. During its second flight with the all-moving tailplane, the aircraft exceeded the speed of sound.

DETECTING SUBMARINES FROM A HELICOPTER—A BELL HSL-1 HELICOPTER OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY SEEN TESTING ITS EQUIPMENT NEAR FORT WORTH, IN TEXAS : The cable coming from the fuselage of this twin rotor helicopter, which is now in full production for the U.S. Navy, is part of the sonar detection equipment. At the other end of the cable, below the surface of the sea, is a device which picks up any noise made by a submarine, and at the same time directs special "homing" weapons, also carried by the helicopter, towards the enemy vessel. The HSL-1 has been designed especially for anti-submarine work, and is the first helicopter produced by the Bell Aircraft Corporation to make use of twin rotors. Instead of having three flexible rotors, as is usual in helicopters, the HSL-1 has two-bladed, rigid rotors, a characteristic of Bell rotary wing craft. The aircraft is powered by a Pratt and Whitney R-2800 radial engine, which is situated towards the rear of the fuselage.

THE VENOM JOINS THE NAVY : A formation of Sea Venoms from 890 Squadron flying in formation. This squadron, which is stationed at Yeovilton, in Somerset, is the first to be equipped with the new Sea Venom all-weather fighter plane and was formed in March of this year. It was first seen by the public when its aircraft took part in the Naval flypast which greeted the Queen on her return from the Royal Tour. The Sea Venom is a development of the Royal Air Force Venom fighter-bomber, specially adapted for Naval purposes. Two versions have been built for the Navy, the Mark 20 and the Mark 21 which is seen above.

HOUSES WHICH CARRY ON RICHMOND'S TRADITION OF DIGNITY AND STYLE: The river façades of Cholmondeley House and Cholmondeley Cottage, by Friars Lane, beautiful examples of early Regency houses. Further along, on the extreme right, can be seen St. Helena Terrace, of a slightly earlier period. These are approached from the side by a flight of stone steps, and stand above a line of typical Richmond boat-houses. One of the greatest charms of Richmond is that the town's variety of architecture blends easily and gracefully, and gives it an harmonious appearance which lends dignity and style to a well-loved, river-side borough.

THE CHARM OF THAMES-SIDE RICHMOND

The Historic Surrey Town, so much of which has Remained Unspoiled through the Centuries, has Maintained its Tradition of Elegance

By JANET DUNBAR

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. F. KERSTING

RICHMOND, in Surrey, is not a suburb of London; that is perhaps one of the most astonishing things about it. Only fifteen minutes by fast train from Waterloo Station, it remains recognisably what it was when Rocque made his map in the 1740's—a self-contained little town that is still mainly Queen Anne, Georgian and Regency.

Unlike many of the villages which ringed the capital in the early part of last century, and which have long been submerged in Greater London, Richmond could not be gathered into that great maw. Rocque's map shows the reason quite clearly. Richmond lies in a loop of the Thames. To the north, the royal deer park prevented any mass building; the river, a natural boundary, was on the west; and Richmond Park, Petersham Woods and Ham Common—all open spaces—formed a protection to the south. The north-east was the only direction from which streets of houses could spread from London. That is why Victorian and later building is mainly concentrated on the Sheen and Mortlake side of the town.

The principal thoroughfare, George Street, with its undistinguished and sometimes flashy shops, gives no clue to the real character of Richmond. But turn up one of the narrow alleyways to the right—Brewer's Lane or Golden Court—and there is the Green and the eighteenth century. True, there are Victorian villas on the far side, behind a row of the trees which border the Green, but you hardly see them. The rose-red brick and mansard roofs of Queen Anne and Georgian houses, the elegant façade and gilt-tipped railings of Maids of Honour Row, dominate the scene.

Beyond this Row is all that remains of the vast Tudor palace which Henry VII built on the site of that earlier Palace of Sheen, the summer home of Richard II's Queen, Anne of Bohemia. Anne died of plague at Richmond, and her husband could not endure the place afterwards: he had her palace pulled down.

The Gate-House buildings, together with the Wardrobe—approached under an archway to Old Palace Yard—are now private residences; a fragment of Tudor Richmond on the edge of the Green, which was the scene of jousts and tournaments when Henry VIII brought down his Court. The first Elizabeth had an affection for Richmond, and often stayed at the palace, especially towards the end of her life. Indeed, she slept her last sleep there, dying "on her nakid bead on . . . Thorsdaie morning, betwixt three and four of the clocke at which tyme ytt pleased God to cawlle her to his mercie," on March 24, 1603.

Afterwards, the glories of the Tudor palace decayed, and the site was ultimately divided and sold as Crown lands.

In the middle of the century, there began the age of design in domestic architecture which was to become the admiration of later generations.

Stand on the Green and look at the south-east side. Here is a great sweep of Queen Anne and Georgian houses, with a hint of Regency at intervals. There is much variety, and complete unity; each house stands happily matched to its neighbour, each pair of houses makes a seemly whole.

To the right, standing back a little on a corner of the Green, is Oak House, which has a charming interior; the plaster-work ceiling in one of its rooms brought Queen Mary on a visit a few years ago. Near by stands Old Friars, a seventeenth-century house built on the site of a convent of the Franciscan order. It is chiefly remembered in local history, though, for the eighteenth century goings-on there, when it became a coffee-house much frequented by the beaux from London, who came down to play cards on a Sunday.

Raffish Richmond, it was then. Well, slightly raffish—as it has been ever since. It was always a place to come to, if you wanted to enjoy yourself.

"Cibber and Co., snuff merchants, sell at their warehouse, at Richmond Hill, most excellent cephalic snuff, which, taken in moderate quantities, in an evening particularly, will not fail to raise the spirits, clear the brain, throw off ill-humours, dissipate the spleen, enliven the imagination, exhilarate the mind, give joy to the heart, and greatly invigorate and improve the understanding."

You would not think, would you, that this was an advertisement for a theatre. But Mr. Theophilus Cibber, unable to obtain a licence for a theatre which he wanted to open on Richmond Hill had the neat idea of opening a snuff warehouse instead, where he proposed to instruct young persons of genius in the art of acting, and to allow them to give performances. He deserved to succeed, and he did. Horace Walpole visited the "theatre" on the Hill in 1758, and found a duchess or two in the audience.

A theatre was later built on the Green, and young Cibber's warehouse-theatre became empty as the new theatre flourished. The theatre on the Green had a tremendous draw—the patronage of David Garrick, who wrote a prologue for the opening play. Its really great days came later, when Edmund Kean began to play there regularly. At first he was engaged by the manager, Klanert, who was delighted at securing the famous London actor, and went to some trouble to get a good supporting company. It was a little too good, for the first-night audience applauded the supporting players with the same enthusiasm

(*Continued on following page*)

RICHMOND BRIDGE: The humped stone bridge which no visitor to Richmond can miss. It was built in the 1770's. To-day the bridge marks the boundary between Richmond and Twickenham.

THE CHARM OF THAMES-SIDE RICHMOND

(Continued from previous page)

as the star. Kean was furiously angry. The following morning, Klanert received a letter which ran:

"MY DEAR SIR,
I have the greatest respect for you, and the best wishes for your professional success, but if I play in the Richmond Theatre again—*I 'll be damned.*
Yours sincerely,
EDMUND KEAN."

However, he got over that fit of pettishness, and acted again for Klanert several times. Later, he took a lease of the theatre, and played many of his great parts there. He died at Richmond, and is buried in the parish churchyard.

Fashionable London not only came down to Richmond for the day; they built or rented houses in the lively little riverside town. What had been a country lane winding up the Hill began to be a road, as more and more houses were erected. With the discovery of a mineral spring in what is now Cardigan House, Richmond took on the added glamour of a watering-place, and soon there was an aristocratic colony up the Hill, and in the hamlet of Petersham, on the river road below.

"Richmond is in first request this summer," wrote Horace Walpole in one of his letters.

There was Lady Di Beauclerk, a lady with a sharp tongue and unconventional manners, in a house below the Hill; and the Misses Berry in Devonshire Cottage, on the Petersham Road. "The Miss Berrys" appear in numerous memoirs of the period; they were a pair of spinsters who never did anything spectacular, but they must have had a genius for friendship—or was it gossip?—for they seemed to know everybody in the modish London world.

Up on the crest of the Hill Sir Joshua Reynolds entertained his friends at Wick House. He did not often stay there, but it was pleasant to drive to Richmond for the day with Samuel Johnson and others of his distinguished acquaintance. The present Wick House is a reconstruction, to some extent, of the old one, which was damaged in the last war; it is a nurses' home for the Star and Garter Home near by.

A VILLAGE GREEN SURROUNDED BY ELEGANT TOWN HOUSES: Richmond Green, looking towards the east and showing part of the fine sweep of Georgian and Queen Anne houses interspersed with Regency buildings. On the Green is a cricket pitch, and the game has, in fact, been played there since the curved-bat days of the eighteenth century.

The Home for Disabled Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen—the gift of the women of the Empire after the 1914–18 war—stands on the site of one of the best-known pleasure resorts of Victorian and Edwardian days—the Star and Garter Hotel. The Home was actually started in the empty hotel, which was pulled down to make way for Sir Edwin Cooper's design. This building, finely harmonising with its eighteenth-century neighbours, commands a magnificent panorama of the river valley. It is almost at the gates of Richmond Park, and has, in the thirty or so years of its existence, mellowed into the landscape.

Here, we are at the end of the Terrace—that short, coveted strip at the top of the Hill which was constructed in 1775, the public footpath to the Park being continued. The Wick, an imposing house built about this time, had to be set back in order to make way for the path, as the posts and iron railings, with its lamp, still show; they remain to mark the line of the old road.

Down Nightingale Lane, by the side of the Wick, you descend steeply to the Petersham Road and so to the river. It is here you see the humped stone bridge at its best; it is the boundary between Richmond and Twickenham. Under the bridge, you come to a row of boat-houses, where the craft of the local canoe club remind you that many people still prefer elbow-power to motor-engines on the river. You do see a few punts and skiffs out, but the run-about little motor-boat is, alas, ousting them.

Summer brings a deal of bustle to the Richmond riverside. On a fine day, the London steamers carry our modern version of the water-parties which came down for a day's outing in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Defoe rowed from Kingston to London, and thought the Richmond reaches among the prettiest he saw . . . "with gentlemen's houses on the banks, very fine." Some of the houses still remain, to delight later eyes.

Defoe had an eye for line, and if he had lived a few decades later he would have appreciated four houses on the river which probably present the same appearance now as they did when they were built.

Trumpeters House, attributed to Wren, takes its name from the two stone figures of trumpeters, or heralds, which formerly stood at its front door, in Old Palace Yard. The façade facing the river has an imposing portico, supported on four pillars; a beautiful example of Queen Anne architecture, and certainly shows Wren's influence.

Asgill House, at the corner of Old Palace Lane, has an almost Continental appearance compared with the other period houses. Built of honey-coloured stone, its classical lines give it a handsome appearance, though it lacks some of the elegance of its brick contemporaries.

The inside of the house is rich in decorative detail. It was built by Sir Robert Taylor, a noted eighteenth-century architect, for Sir Charles Asgill, a Lord Mayor of London. The octagonal drawing-room has mirror-panelled doors and foliated plaster mouldings; and the present owners have that feeling for inherited craftsmanship which ensures that the lovely work of the past shall be well cared for.

The other two houses which grace the riverside are not strictly part of Georgian Richmond, but they illustrate a following period which was within the same tradition of dignity and style. Cholmondeley House and Cholmondeley Cottage, near the beginning of Water Lane, are early Regency; as are some of the small houses in Old Palace Lane and Friar's Lane. The fastidious beauties and beaux who came down to Richmond a hundred years before would have felt at home in them.

On left—

A QUEEN ANNE HOUSE IN PETERSHAM: This handsome building, Petersham House, rises behind the meadows of the village, which is part of the Borough of Richmond. It contains several Adams fireplaces, a painted staircase and landing and a painted ceiling, which is possibly the work of Antonio Verrio.

THE PLASTER-WORK CEILING IN OAK HOUSE: This ceiling, exquisitely executed, is in the principal room on the first floor of Oak House, which stands just back from Richmond Green. On the ceiling there are four medallions, one of which is reputed to represent Chaucer, and another unmistakably representing George III. There is also a beautiful staircase of superb craftsmanship.

ON RICHMOND HILL: The houses built on the short, coveted strip at the top of the hill called "The Terrace" represent a variety of architectural styles. But elegant houses like Nos. 3 and 4 (right) immediately stand out for their eighteenth-century grace and seemliness as examples of the best in English domestic architecture.

THE STAR AND GARTER HOME: This building, the Home for Disabled Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen, is barely thirty years old, but the design, by Sir Edwin Cooper, harmonises well with its eighteenth-century neighbours, and already the Home has become something of a Richmond landmark. It was built on the site of the Star and Garter Hotel, the delight of Edwardian riverside parties. The Home was the gift of the women of the Empire. Many veterans of the First World War are still resident.

AN EXAMPLE OF THE CONTINUITY ON WHICH RICHMOND CAN PRIDE ITSELF: The Old Palace Pharmacy, among the early Regency houses in Old Palace Terrace, by Richmond Green. This pharmacy, whose front recalls more elegant and leisurely days, was run for more than 100 years by the same family until a few years ago, when Mr. Lloyd retired after fifty years of service in the old shop.

THE CHARM OF THAMES-SIDE RICHMOND

THE GARDEN FRONT OF TRUMPETERS HOUSE : This view of one of Richmond's finest houses shows the imposing portico and a small part of the great unbroken lawn before it. Trumpeters House, which can be seen from the towing path, was built for a brother of Mrs. Masham, Queen Anne's favourite. It is attributed to Wren, but there is no definite evidence to show that he did in fact design it. The house takes its name from the two stone figures of trumpeters or heralds which once stood at the entrance in Old Palace Yard. For a time it was known as The Old Palace. Metternich stayed there when he had to flee from Vienna, and was visited there by Disraeli, who thought Richmond "a sweet place." It has not been occupied as a private house for a good many years; it was recently restored and converted into sets of chambers.

On right—

MAIDS OF HONOUR ROW : This row of four houses near Richmond Green was built for George II and Queen Caroline when they were Prince and Princess of Wales. The Princess had found accommodation for her ladies-in-waiting rather scanty when she was staying at her Richmond country house, so these residences, in addition to £200, were secured for the Maids of Honour. It is one of the most famous rows of eighteenth-century houses in the country. Their paved forecourts, ornamental wrought-iron gates and lovely fanlights are in themselves a delight; each is different, and thus gives a touch of individuality to every house. The house on the extreme right once belonged to John James Heidegger, a Swiss who was Master of the Revels to George II, and who got scene-painters from the Opera to decorate his hall with landscapes.

On left—

THE GATE HOUSE, RICHMOND PALACE : Facing the Green, the gate-house buildings, with their three semi-octagonal turrets, are all that remain of the magnificent Tudor palace which once covered several acres between the Green and the river. Henry VII built the palace on the site of the Palace of Sheen, the summer home of Anne of Bohemia, whose husband, Richard II, ordered the place to be pulled down after her tragic death from plague there in 1394. Henry VIII liked staying at the palace, and held jousts and tournaments on the Green in front of this gate. Queen Elizabeth was a prisoner here for a time during her sister's reign, and had a great affection for the place, going there often during her own long reign. She was particularly fond of watching masques performed in the great courtyard. She died in the palace. John Manningham wrote in his diary: "This morning about three o'clock hir majestie departed this lyfe mildly like a lamb, easily like a ripe apple from the tree . . . and I doubt not but shee is among the royall saints in Heaven in eternall joyes." The palace was a royal summer residence in succeeding centuries, but gradually decayed: by the eighteenth century only these gate house buildings and Wardrobe Court remained. These have now been restored.

PRINCESS MARGARET VISITS GERMANY

During her Three-day Tour of Army and R.A.F. Stations, the Princess was well Received by the German People

THE PRINCESS AND THE CHANCELLOR: With the British High Commissioner for Germany, Sir Frederick Hoyer-Millar (left), Chancellor Adenauer escorts Princess Margaret into Bonn Stadium to take off on her first helicopter flight. Bad weather, however, cancelled it.

Princess Margaret's three-day visit to the British forces in Germany last week was a great success—particularly with the Germans. She flew into Wahnerheide Airfield and then drove to Bonn, where she had lunch with the West German President, Professor Heuss, and Chancellor Dr. Adenauer. In a short speech there she said that Anglo-German understanding was "essential, not only for our mutual benefit but indeed for the stability and prosperity of Europe and the whole world."

On the second day of her tour she inspected Royal Air Force stations in North Germany. At Oldenburg she presented a new standard to the 20th Fighter Squadron and after lunch drove to Ahlhorn, 40 miles away, and was cheered by Germans along the route. There, by remote control, she fired a burst of 20-mm. cannon shells from a Meteor jet fighter into the testing butts and watched a low-level napalm attack.

On the third day she visited more Army units, travelling for the first time by helicopter, which, she said, was the most thrilling aeroplane ride she had ever had. If the weather in Germany had not been so bad she would have flown about more by helicopter.

The highlight of her visit came that evening when she attended a glittering ball given for her by the Commanders-in-Chief of the three Services. It was held in the magnificent Fuerstenhof Hotel at Bad Eilsen—now the officers' mess and headquarters of the Second Tactical Air Force.

THE PRESIDENT SHOWS THE WAY: Princess Margaret's first engagement in Germany was an official luncheon with President Heuss at the Villa Hammerschmidt. Later, she toured Army and R.A.F. stations.

THE PRINCESS AT OLDENBURG ROYAL AIR FORCE STATION: She spent the second day of her tour with the R.A.F. *On left* she is inspecting the cockpit of a Sabre jet fighter and her reflection can be seen in the windshield. *On right* she is handing over the new standard of 20 Squadron to Flying-Officer John Craven to mark the squadron's twenty-five years of service. She then went on to Ahlhorn, where she fired, by remote control, a burst from the 20-mm. cannon guns of a Meteor jet.

THE GREAT COURT AT THE CARMELITE PRIORY OF THE FRIARS, AYLESFORD, KENT, WHERE RESTORATION WORK IS NOW NEARING COMPLETION : This view shows the Pilgrims' Hall (left) and the William Rufus Tower with its clock (right). The Pilgrims' Hall has undergone considerable changes in the course of its history. With its restoration, it is one of the oldest inhabited buildings in the country. The William Rufus Tower dates from before the coming of the Carmelites to England in 1240.

A VIEW FROM THE NEW REFECTORY IN THE GREAT COURT : The William Rufus Tower clock is seen in the right background. Aylesford Priory, dissolved by Henry VIII, was, in 1247, the meeting place of the first General Chapter of the Carmelite Order in England; the Carmelites returned to Aylesford in 1949.

RESTORATION PROGRESS AT THE

PRIORY OF AYLESFORD

The Great Court Nears Completion Five Years After the Return of the Carmelite Friars

Five years ago, after an absence of 411 years, the Carmelites, known as the White Friars, returned to their original site at Aylesford and set about rebuilding "The Friars," which, since the Dissolution in 1538, had been used as a country house. Since then extensive restoration work has been carried out at Aylesford, most notably in the Great Court, where the Pilgrims' Hall, the cloister chapel, refectory and kitchens have received attention. Adrian Gilbert Scott, brother of Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, is now working on plans for the rebuilding of a crypt and sanctuary on the site of the ancient Church of the Assumption, where excavations have revealed the foundations of the great main walls. The church once extended as far west as the present refectory.

The cost of restoration, although spread over a long period, is extensive; the Prior, Father Malachy Lynch, estimates that another £8,000 is required at Aylesford before they "can have necessities such as workshops." It is suggested that thousands of people should become "Company Shareholders" at Aylesford, with the interest "accumulating in time and eternity." At near-by Allington Castle, the home of Sisters of the Carmelite Order, there is a debt of £7,000, and this sum, too, must be found.

THE SEAL OF THE OFFICE OF THE PRIOR : A carving by Michael Lindsey Clark, which is set in the Priory wall.

The ancient Priory of Aylesford, still called by its original title of "The Friars," was founded in 1240, when Baron Richard de Grey of Codnor gave his manor on the Medway to a small group of hermits from Mount Carmel, in Palestine, who had accompanied him from the Holy Land. The first General Chapter of the Carmelites was held at Aylesford in 1247, and St. Simon Stock, known abroad as Simon of England, was elected Prior-General. Under his guidance the Order soon flourished, and by the time of the Dissolution there were over forty Foundations in England.

At that time "The Friars" was given to Sir Thomas Wyatt, of Allington Castle, but in the reign of the first Elizabeth it became the property of Sir John Sedley, of Southfleet. In succeeding years it passed to the keeping of the Earls of Aylesford, and eventually in 1930 the property was bought by Mr. Copley D. Hewitt; later, after a disastrous fire, his heir sold it to the Carmelites, who returned to their ancient patrimony on the Vigil of All Saints, in 1949. It is now a place of pilgrimage for Roman Catholics throughout the country.

A PLACE OF REST FOR PILGRIMS EN ROUTE TO CANTERBURY : The restored Pilgrims' Hall, where pilgrims in former days came off the Pilgrims' Way and received hospitality and shelter ; since the Carmelites returned to Aylesford the Hall has again been used for hospitality purposes. The thirteenth-century Hall is a lofty building. It has a door leading directly on to the river and its foundations were built into the river. This distinguishes it as one of the original buildings which were part of the moated property of the de Grey family. Despite the fact that the roof was in an advanced state of decay, the timbers have been well preserved and are now back in place. The tiles, too, have been replaced. Some of the great floor beams are the original ones, but the oak timbers of the galleries belong to the restoration. On the ground floor there is a carved panel of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin by Lindsey Clark, which was painted by his son Michael ; over a door is a statue of St. Thomas of Canterbury.

INSIDE THE RESTORED CHAPTER HOUSE HALL : The thick walls and some of the windows are part of the ancient priory ; the table, 28 ft. long, was made in the last century out of elm from the estate. Large paintings (five of the seven are seen) depict events in the history of the Carmelites from the thirteenth century, and are by Adam Kossowski. The niche in the north wall enshrines a sculptured group portraying the Prophet Elias being taken up in his fiery chariot and his mantle falling on his successor, Eliseus.

APPROACHES TO THE PRIORY : Framed in the archway, in the picture *on the left*, is the old Gatehouse, remodelled in 1590 by Sir John Sedley. *Right*—Looking from the Old Fish Ponds towards the Great Court and showing the newly-restored chapel, refectory and kitchens. In 1951 the relics of St. Simon Stock, first Prior-General of the Order, were translated to the chapel after having reposed in Bordeaux for nearly 700 years. They will later be placed in the new Church of the Assumption.

LIVE MEN AND DEAD FISH

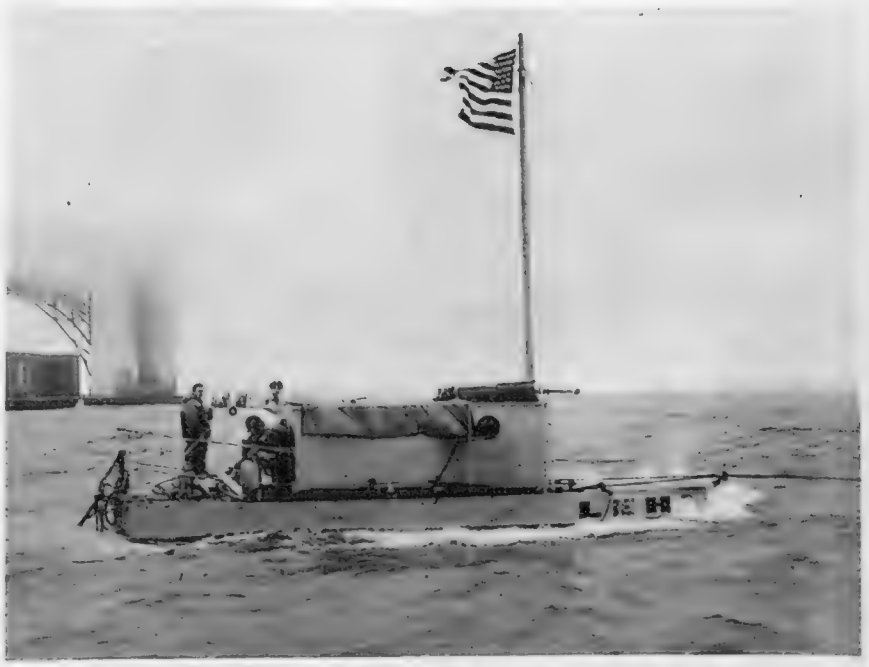
Two Parties of Venturesome Americans Set Off for the North Pole and Hawaii; Some Fish that Did Not Get Away

LEAVING SAN FRANCISCO HARBOUR: The raft is being towed out by a fishing boat. The crew planned to live off fish and to distil their own fresh water. In the background is Alcatraz Island, site of the notorious Federal prison.

Five men on a raft set off from San Francisco a fortnight ago aiming to drift across 2,200 miles of the Pacific Ocean to Hawaii. Optimistically, they carried no food or water supplies; the only civilised resources they had were a small radio set and a still for converting sea water into drinking water. They cast off from the fishing boat which towed them out in the region of the Farallon Islands, just off San Francisco. They thought that their raft—32 ft. by 16 ft.—ought to carry them to Hawaii in six weeks, and that the bounty of nature would keep them alive on the trip. But forty-eight hours after leaving they were in trouble. In the first place they found they were drifting south to Mexico instead of west to Hawaii; in the second, they had caught only one salmon and made only a quart of water. After six days they were rescued, hungry and thirsty, off the Californian coast; they had travelled less than forty miles. They were taken back to San Francisco by banana boat and their abandoned raft was sunk as a danger to shipping.

On right—

DEPARTING FOR THE ARCTIC: From Boothbay Harbour, Maine, Rear-Admiral Donald B. MacMillan is seen setting out on his thirtieth scientific expedition to the Arctic; surrounding his schooner, *Bowdoin*, are scores of smaller craft sounding a noisy farewell. This will probably be the seventy-nine-year-old explorer's last trip to the "top of the world."



START OF A DRIFTING TRIP TO HAWAII: Being towed under San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge is the American raft *Lehi*, proudly flying the Stars and Stripes, with its crew of five. This *Kon-Tiki*-style expedition hoped to drift to Hawaii in six weeks. But after forty-eight hours their plans came unstuck. They went the wrong way.

On right—

THE CREW OF THE "LEHI": Left to right they are: Keith Pope, Joe Fearon, De Vere Baker, the skipper of the craft, Judge Lamont Hawks, and Don Smith, the radio operator. The *Lehi* was towed to the Farallon Islands and then set adrift.

On left—

DEAD FISH FLOAT IN THE SEINE: This picture shows something of the rate at which fish are dying in the Paris reaches of the Seine. The reason is the exceptionally low level of the river. Because of the drought earlier in the year the rate of flow last week was only 30 cubic metres per second instead of the normal 500. This is not enough to carry away the pollution from factories.

On right—

FISHERMAN'S YARN COME TRUE: This whale shark, weighing nearly a ton, was caught from the American fishing cruiser *Alberta* off Bimini Island. It is shown being hoisted out of the water after the *Alberta* had towed it into the shore.

HOUSES IN THE NEWS

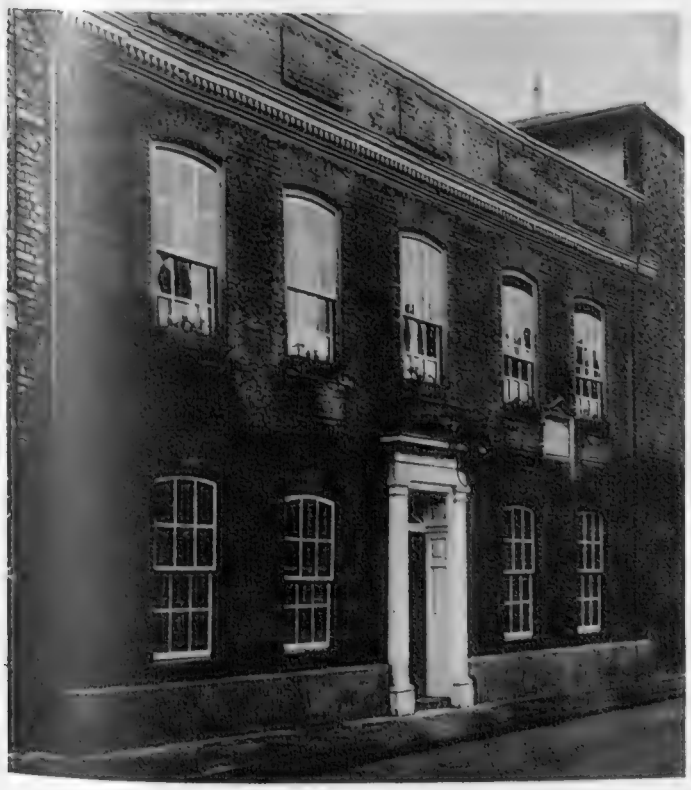
Four Ancient Homes take on a New Lease of Life, while a Historic Inn is Demolished

SURREY ESTATE AS BIRD SANCTUARY : A view across the lake of the fifteenth-century Mill House at Wonersh, Surrey. The late owner, Mr. Robert Haslam, who died last April, has left the house and surrounding estate to the National Trust on condition that it is preserved as a bird sanctuary. The lake is stocked with brown trout and golden orfe.

All his life the one great hobby of Mr. Robert Haslam, who died in April this year, was the preservation of the wild life that flourished so abundantly on his estate at Wonersh, Surrey. In his will, which was published last week, he has made a final attempt to realise his ambition of giving it to the nation as an open space and bird sanctuary. He has left his home, fifteenth-century Mill House, the Lodge, two cottages, a garage and bungalow, the Old Mill, his garden and grounds to the National Trust with the wish that the property "remain ever rural": that the woods be treated as bird sanctuaries; that no shooting or trapping be allowed except for keeping down vermin (badgers, otters and birds of prey excepted); and that no cats be kept on the property. Mr. Haslam, as well as his wife, who will continue to occupy the Mill House under the terms of the will, had tamed the birds on the estate to such an extent that they would be easy prey for a cat. There is still one more slight obstacle to be overcome before the late Mr. Haslam's dream is realised—the National Trust have yet to accept the gift.

REBUILDING A HISTORIC EAST LONDON INN : The Green Gate Inn, the timber-built public-house which, for three and a quarter centuries, has stood in Barking Road, Plaistow, London, E., is being rebuilt. Workmen have begun pulling down part of the saloon bar where so many characters of London have sat roasting potatoes at the big fireplaces, frying rashers of bacon and drinking pints of beer. Here, sheep thieves from Essex, on their way to be hanged in London, stopped to drink their last glass; here the fishermen of Barking sat in the evenings and passed an hour or two after a day in the muddy Thames Estuary gathering cockles and oysters.

THE MILL HOUSE, WONERSH : The fifteenth-century mansion seen from across the lawns. The National Trust will decide at a meeting later this month whether they will accept it as a gift or not.



On left—

GAINSBOROUGH'S BIRTHPLACE IN SUDBURY, SUFFOLK, SOLD : This house, where the great English painter, Thomas Gainsborough, was born in 1727, has just been bought by Mr. Cecil Doward, an American picture dealer, who has long specialised in Gainsborough's paintings. Mr. Doward was travelling between Ipswich and Cambridge when he thought he would pay a flying visit to the artist's old home. To his astonishment the place was for sale. He made up his mind quickly and on the following day bought the place. Mr. Doward intends to live there with his wife and their sixteen-year-old daughter, when the present owners, antique dealers, have vacated it.

LISTER'S HOUSE TO BE RESTORED : The birthplace of Lord Lister, founder of antiseptic surgery, at Upton Cross, West Ham, London, E., is among thirty-one historic buildings to which the Works Minister has offered grants totalling £100,000 towards the cost of urgent repairs. The two-storeyed brick house, where the famous son of a Quaker was born in 1827, is now St. Peter's Vicarage. A grant has been made for pointing and roof repairs. The house, built in 1731, contains a fine staircase. One of its most notable features is the kitchen, with its large stone chimney-piece and long carved beam, both of the eighteenth century. The grants are conditional on the public being given an opportunity of seeing the buildings.

The HOME NEWS in PICTURES

A SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS IN ENGLAND AND NORTHERN IRELAND

On left—

THE QUEEN MOTHER ATTENDS A GARDEN PARTY HELD IN THE GROUNDS OF LAMBETH PALACE: A general view showing the Queen Mother receiving guests at the Garden Party given by the League of the British Commonwealth and the British Committee for the Inter-change of Teachers between the United Kingdom and the United States. Queen Elizabeth, who wore a pale blue nylon dress, was attended by Lady Hyde and the Master of Sinclair. During the party, the Queen Mother met many teachers from overseas.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WATCHES MEN OF THE TERRITORIAL ARMY IN A MOCK WAR ON SALISBURY PLAIN: *Above*—Prince Philip watches the "battle" from a distance through a special pair of binoculars. *On right*—Near the "front line." The Duke of Edinburgh chats with two privates of the Royal Leicestershire Regiment during his visit to Salisbury Plain. While down on Salisbury Plain, where he saw men of the 49th West Riding Armoured Division (T.A.) engaged in Exercise "Hen Harrier," Prince Philip had his first trip in a helicopter belonging to the Army. Altogether he made six journeys in the aircraft which proved invaluable in helping him see many aspects of the battle over widely scattered areas.

AN ANCIENT CEREMONY IN THE STREETS OF LONDON—THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF VINTNERS WALK IN PROCESSION TO ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK: The newly elected master of the Company, Sir Noel Bowater, the Lord Mayor of London, is seen walking in front, and behind him are the Duke of Gloucester, the retiring Master, and the Earl of Athlone. The procession was preceded by two wine porters with birch brooms, a custom which dates back 750 years to when the streets of London were not very clean.

On right—

ORANGEMEN OBSERVE THE 264th ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE: A procession, which was part of the general celebrations held throughout Northern Ireland, passing through Lisburn Road, Finaghy, in Belfast. At demonstrations held in all parts of the country, resolutions of loyalty to Queen Elizabeth, and resolutions re-affirming Northern Ireland's determination to remain an integral part of the United Kingdom were passed. Speaking at Coleraine, Lord Brookeborough, the Prime Minister, said he trusted that in the future there would be no recurrence of I.R.A. attempts at intimidation, but if at any time, Northern Ireland should be threatened she would be fully prepared to defend her liberty.

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT LAYS THE FOUNDATION STONE OF A TERRITORIAL ARMY CENTRE AT CIRENCESTER : The Duke, who is Lord Lieutenant of Gloucestershire and the President of the Gloucestershire Territorial and Auxiliary Forces Association, is seen inspecting the Guard of Honour, made up of men from the 523 (Cotswold) L.A.A. Regiment R.A. (T.A.), who will use the centre for their headquarters. The Duke is accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Dobbie, the Commanding Officer of the Regiment, and Captain A. Lonsdale, the Guard Commander.

RED CROSS DEDICATION SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S : The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, seen mounting the cathedral steps, were among those who attended the British Red Cross Society's annual service of dedication at St. Paul's ; the Lord Mayor of London was another. On arrival they walked through a Red Cross Guard of Honour and were heralded with a fanfare by trumpeters of the National Fire Service.

THE SUPREME COURT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S FLOWER SHOW IN THE LAW COURTS, LONDON : A general view of the flower show which was held in the stately and historic Great Hall last week. The show, the second to be held by the Society, was open to the public and proved, as it did last year, to be a great success : many of the visitors were from overseas. All the entries were of a very high standard, and the President's Cup, the chief award, was won for the second time by Mr. H. J. C. Rainbird. One of the most interesting exhibits was a specimen of a Judge's posy.

ROYAL MAIL LINE'S NEW CARGO SHIP : Messrs. Harland and Wolff have just completed at their Belfast shipyard the 9,718-ton s.s. *Loch Gowan*, and have handed it over to the owners after successful sea trials. The ship is a single-screw turbine vessel and has high-class accommodation for twelve passengers ; each cabin is panelled in Canadian maple and has its own bathroom.

ST. JOHN AMBULANCE BRIGADE AT THE ROYAL SHOW : The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester are seen talking to Sir John Lund, Commissioner-in-Chief of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, and the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage, the County Superintendent for Berkshire. The Brigade, equipped with walkie-talkie, provided a continuous first-aid service at the Royal Agricultural Show. In addition to surgeons and fully-trained nurses, they had forty other personnel on duty and attended to some 500 cases ; the two-way radio was a great help in bringing speedy aid to casualties in all parts of the ground. The Duke of Gloucester, who is Grand Prior of the Order, showed great interest in the replica of an eleventh-century Crusader's tent which was fitted out as a recruiting centre ; forty new recruits were enrolled during the show.

CAPTURE OF A "KILLER" SWAN : Park keepers at Wandsworth Common are shown bringing ashore a "killer" swan, after several attempts to capture him had been made. Bill, the swan, who had lived at the ornamental pond there for twenty-five years, had grown excessively bad-tempered and vicious in his old age. For weeks past he has been killing ducks, driving off other birds, attacking dogs, and avoiding all attempts at capturing him.

MOTORING in EUROPE and AUSTRALIA

The International Alpine Trial in France; the Redex Reliability Trial in Australia; and Preparing in London for a Round-the-world Tour in a Taxi

A TRIUMPH FOR STIRLING MOSS: The British racing driver, with his co-driver, John Cutts, negotiating the appalling road surfaces on the Passe Vivione in their Sunbeam Alpine. By driving over the 2,250 miles of the International Alpine Trial without incurring a penalty for the third year in succession, Stirling Moss gained the much-prized Gold Coupe des Alpes.

WINNER OF THE LADIES' PRIZE AGAIN: Miss Sheila van Damm, successful for the second year running, taking her Sunbeam Alpine over the Passe Vivione, near Edolo, during the International Alpine Trial.

This year's International Alpine Trial was a great triumph for British cars and drivers. Of the eighty-six starters, thirty-six finished after the gruelling 2,250-mile course over the highest of Alpine passes. But it was estimated that barely half a dozen vehicles escaped a severe battering from rocks or collisions. Stirling Moss was one of the four British drivers to gain a Coupe des Alpes, and in his case it was a Gold Cup. Driving a Sunbeam Alpine two-seater with John Cutts, he completed the course without incurring a penalty for the third year in succession. Other British cars which gained Alpine cups were a Frazer-Nash (Hal O'Hara Moore and John Gott); one of the works team Triumph R.2 cars (Maurice Gatsonides and Slotemaker, of Holland); and an Aston-Martin D.B.2, driven by J. Burton. Miss Sheila van Damm once again took the Ladies' Prize in her Sunbeam-Alpine.

THE AUSTRALIAN RELIABILITY TRIAL: *On left*—The second car away crossing the start line in Sydney for the 9,600-miles Redex Reliability Trial round Australia. It is a Peugeot, one of the entrants from New Zealand's team, and was being driven by Kim Berge. His co-driver was Bill Newman. *On right*—Car No. One is, suitably enough, the first of the entries to arrive at Newcastle, New South Wales. It is a Standard Eight which was driven by Gordon Marshall, of Sydney. The Redex Reliability Trial, which is becoming an annual event, is a tremendous test of endurance, both for the drivers and the vehicles. A great variety of roads and conditions is encountered on the journey, which begins in Sydney and goes right round Australia before finishing, after eighteen days, in Sydney. This year 263 cars entered for the trial.

ROUND THE WORLD IN A TAXI: Three intrepid adventurers in London looking at a map on the bonnet of their 1934 Austin taxi, *Tinkerbell*. They are, from left, Mr. Tony Merriam, an artist, who is leader of the expedition; Mr. Ken Patten, an engineer, and Mr. Reg Hepplewhite, a journalist. *On left*—The taxicab being loaded. *Tinkerbell* is one of the three taxis in which a party of nine hope to travel 127,000 miles round the world. Beginning in the middle of next month, the party plans to travel via Europe to Africa, back to India, the Malay Archipelago, Australia, South America, and back home via the United States and Canada. They expect to take three years and hope to promote "international friendship." The taxis have been painted to look like country cottages, to make "British folk round the world think of home."

PASSAU, GERMANY, INUNDATED BY THREE RIVERS : This ancient Bavarian city is probably the worst hit of the many towns in Germany which have been affected by the recent severe floods. It lies on the confluence of three rivers—the Inn (background), the Danube (centre), and the Ilz (right foreground). The two main rivers—the Danube and the Inn—rose more than 30 ft. above their normal level. Most of the fine old houses in the town, however, were built to withstand floods.

AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE FLOODED DANUBE VALLEY IN BAVARIA : This picture shows the extent of the flooding. The line of trees in the middle of the stream indicates the normal bank of the river ; in the foreground the river has burst over a stretch of low-lying land, giving the impression of another stream flowing into the Danube. Last week the floods in Austria and Germany were receding but more were happening in Eastern Germany and in Slovakia. One of the nastiest results of the flooding was that rats were driven from their hiding places in the river banks ; they were reported to be entering evacuated houses and in some cases to have attacked people.

FLOODS CAUSE HAVOC IN AUSTRIA AND BAVARIA

In Some Places the Danube Rose by 30 ft., Bringing the Worst Floods for Several Centuries

The alleged summer, with its attendant wet and cold, is not, as one might think, confining its dismal attentions to the British Isles. In Germany and Austria it has been far, far worse. The rain has swollen the Danube and other rivers to the extent of bringing to Austria and Southern Germany the worst floods they have experienced for centuries. In the Austrian Alps, in mid-July, there was thicker snow than there was at Christmas ; avalanches were reported.

During the first fortnight of July, from a freak of the weather, great masses of cloud, carried down by cold air from the far north, collided over the Alps with cloud-laden warm air masses coming up from the south, causing a continuous downpour of rain which was more than the river systems could take.

The two worst hit towns were Passau, in Bavaria, and Linz, in Upper Austria. Passau, standing at the confluence of the Inn and the Danube, is accustomed to floods and its medieval houses are built to withstand them. But, with the Danube rising 30 ft., the floods there were the worst in living memory. At Linz, the Danube's width doubled—from 250 to 500 yards and about a tenth of the city's population of 185,000 had to be accommodated in schools and old people's homes.

Most of the flooded areas were in the American or Soviet occupation zones and soldiers of both countries helped in the reinforcing of dykes and the evacuation of marooned families. In Bavaria, some seventy-five American army assault boats, eighteen amphibious vehicles, and more than a dozen helicopters were at work bringing away families for whom there was no other way of escape.

Sir Winston Churchill sent messages of sympathy to the Austrian and German Chancellors and the War Office offered the Austrian Government the services of the 1st Battalion The Middlesex Regiment, stationed in Austria, to help in flood relief

On right—

LINZ-UNDER-DANUBE : Linz, the capital of Upper Austria, suffered its worst floods since the sixteenth century. The width of the Danube doubled—from 250 to 500 yards—and some 15,000 people, about a tenth of the city's population, had to be accommodated in schools and old people's homes. About a quarter of the thousand-odd flooded buildings were under water up to the roof. The damage done in Austria was very great ; Dr. Gleissner, the Governor of Upper Austria, estimated that in his province alone the destruction of crops, now mud-buried, was estimated at between £3,000,000 and £6,000,000.

Events in Malaya

FORMAL VISITS AND WARFARE

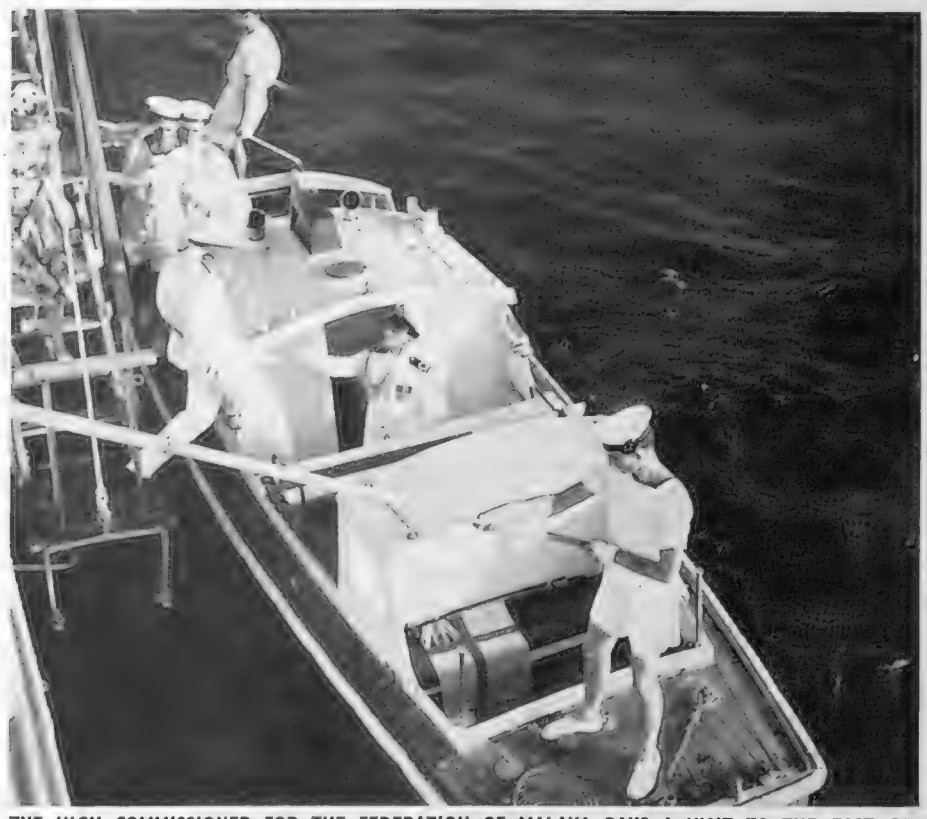
The Official Tours by the Director of Operations and the High Commissioner ; and the Struggle Against Communist Terrorists

CONGRATULATIONS FROM THE NEW DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS IN MALAYA : Lieut.-General G. K. Bourne is seen shaking hands with Lance-Corporal Mohol Sham bin Abdul Kadir, who was one of a platoon of the Malay Regiment which recently eliminated all of seven Communist terrorists contacted in the Sungei Siput district of Malaya. Also in the picture is private Harun bin Tangak, the platoon's Bren-gunner. The Director of Operations visited the Sungei Siput district during a tour of Perak.

LIEUT.-GENERAL BOURNE MEETS THE SULTAN OF JOHORE : During his recent tour the new Director called on the Sultan. With them is the Tungku Mahkota, the Sultan's son (wearing the light suit), and Mr. A. D. Somerville (extreme right), who is the British Adviser in Johore.

THE STRUGGLE AGAINST TERRORISTS IN MALAYA CONTINUES : A patrol leaping from their transport to search for terrorists in a plantation in the jungle in Selangor State. Although the troops are carried as far as possible in lorries and trains, the congested jungle makes it necessary to complete most journeys on foot—a slow process.

A MALAY-MANNED MORTAR TEAM IN ACTION AGAINST COMMUNISTS : The long struggle in Malaya took on new life, when security forces were dropped in the jungle near Ipoh recently. The troops found evidence of twelve Communist camps, most of them bearing signs of recent and hasty evacuation. Many documents and some ammunition were found in these camps. Two terrorists were killed in this operation ; one of them had been a district committee member, and the other was a Chinese woman terrorist.



THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR THE FEDERATION OF MALAYA PAYS A VISIT TO THE EAST COAST STATES : *On left*—Sir Donald MacGillivray, the High Commissioner, is seen stepping from the Naval Frigate H.M.S. *Alert*, into a launch which later took him into Kuala Trengganu. Coming down the gangway behind the High Commissioner is Lady MacGillivray, who accompanied her husband throughout his tour. *On right*—The High Commissioner meets the Sultan of Pahang during his tour of Malaya.

HANOI MAKES READY : An odd assortment of French Union soldiers and civilians erecting barbed-wire defences in the capital of the Tonkin Province. This is described as being part of the military measures being taken in Hanoi by the French High Command. But it is generally realised that if the Viet Minh make a concerted attack on the Hanoi perimeter the city cannot hold out for long. And if peace is secured in Indo-China, it would be at the price of losing the whole Red River Delta, including Hanoi.

The War in Indo-China

HANOI WAITS

As the Fate of Northern Viet-Nam is Being Decided, an Air of Doom Hangs Over the Capital City of the Tonkin Province

On left—

AN INCONGRUOUS SITUATION : While soldiers and Viet-Namese civilians erect barbed-wire defences outside an important looking house in Hanoi, a bicycle-rickshaw and its passenger passes by with complete unconcern. The signpost shows that the road leads to Haiphong, the last escape port out of the Hanoi perimeter.

Soldiers never like fighting when peace seems round the corner, so it was hardly surprising that there was little activity on the Indo-China front while M. Mendès-France was making his desperate efforts for peace in Paris and Geneva. There were a few sporadic Viet Minh attacks against some of the newly established outposts in the Hanoi perimeter, and a number of isolated counter-attacks by the French against newly won Viet Minh positions ; but for the most part it seemed that both sides were prepared to await the outcome of the talks. The Viet Minh held the initiative, and were tactically in a good position. Their overwhelming superiority in ground forces would be enough to occupy the comparatively small amount of territory still remaining in French hands in Northern Viet-Nam. On the other hand the French Command, regrouping its weary troops as best it can, hardly hoped to put up a very prolonged resistance should the peace negotiations break down and the Viet Minh resume their attack.

The best that the French Command could probably hope for was to rescue what troops they had through the port of Haiphong, so that they will live to fight another day in the south. The rather pathetic pictures received from Hanoi tend to confirm this. Here was no city preparing for a prolonged siege or a fight to the death. The half-hearted attempts at laying barbed-wire defences with the help of inexperienced amateur civilian labourers do not inspire confidence. And, indeed, there is no reason, apart from wishful thinking, to suppose that it has been the French High Command's intention to defend Hanoi beyond a reasonable period. The French Union troops have fought with exceptional gallantry, and the name of Dien Bien Phu still remains in the memories of the Western world. It would be too unkind to abuse that gallantry.

On left—

THE ABANDONMENT OF PHULY : Moroccan troops, preceded by their Viet-Namese carriers, crossing the Day River during their withdrawal from Phuly. This withdrawal was hurried and unprepared, and almost certainly unplanned. It put into the hands of the Viet Minh a vital defence bastion in the Hanoi perimeter.

The Sphere of Travel

CONTRASTS IN YUGOSLAVIA

A Medley of Civilizations, a Picturesque Coastline, a Friendly People, and a New Form of Life provide an Interesting Experience for British Visitors

THIS summer is seeing a boom in holiday travel to Yugoslavia, and I believe that the majority of Britons returning from a brief sojourn in this Communist land, with its Iron Curtain raised, are well pleased with the experience. I know that, having recently toured the six republics which comprise "The Land of the Southern Slavs," I was more than satisfied. No other country in Europe provides greater contrasts — the greatest incentive to travel—not only geographically and climatically, but in the variety of her historic relics, architecture and art. Here, indeed, is the cradle of Slav culture, where ancient monasteries shelter masterpieces of Serbian medieval art, and where some of the most lovely of national dresses can still be seen.

Without a doubt, however, most holiday-makers are quite content to spend their time in Yugoslavia at one or other of the resorts along the Adriatic coast where they can laze and bathe amidst beautiful scenery and under a warm sun, and also enjoy the richness of local historical and architectural treasures. What a superb coast it is, too, from Portoroz, in the north, within easy reach of Trieste, and Ulcinj, in the far south, with the "forbidden" land of Albania a mere ten miles away.

It is difficult and indeed invidious to give a personal opinion about the many seaside resorts along the Istrian and Dalmatian coasts. But a few suggestions may not be out of place. The two most popular resorts are Opatija, on the Istrian peninsula, and Dubrovnik, in the far south. The former place, lying on the Kvarner Riviera, is quite modern, offers the best hotel accommodation in Yugoslavia, and has the advantage of being easiest to reach from England; you can, for instance, leave London Airport at 8 a.m. by K.L.M. and reach Klagenfurt (Austria) at 1 p.m., whence a connecting motor-coach will bring you to Opatija in time for dinner, or you can also fly to near-by Rijeka by Yugoslav Airlines in even quicker time.

Dubrovnik, too, can be reached during the summer season by air, via Belgrade; but the majority of tourists prefer to travel by coastal steamer from Rijeka or Venice, possibly with a day's break at Split, one of the most interesting cities in the country. Several of the steamers which travel between Rijeka and Split, and vice versa, carry out the journey by night—there is also, however, a sailing by day—and I should warn you that the arrangements for reserving berths are badly organized, while their quality varies according to the steamer you are on, so don't blame your travel agent if this accommodation is not quite what you expect. (This same complaint has been made to me regarding the sailings to and from Venice.) Indeed, you may be better off by settling down on deck with a deck-chair and a blanket, although even these seem to be in short supply, especially in the summer, when the boats are crowded. From Split to Dubrovnik, the sea journey is made by day, the time taken being about nine hours.

But even if the journey is long and perhaps tiring, Dubrovnik is such a rewarding goal that I feel sure you will not mind the possible ardours involved in getting there. Its wonderful architecture makes it one of the outstanding towns in Europe, and the incomparable beauty of its situation is a magnet for thousands of visitors yearly. It is an excellent centre, too, for excursions to many of the islands, to the interior and farther down the coast. Many of the hotels are situated on the Lapad peninsula, a little distance away from the old walled town, but I prefer the two first-category hotels—the Argentina and the Excelsior—which lie on the southern outskirts, for the incredibly lovely view you get from them is well worth their small extra cost.

DUBROVNIK—QUEEN OF THE DALMATIAN COAST: Situated above the blue Adriatic and beneath the equally blue skies of southern Yugoslavia, Dubrovnik, once Ragusa, is both a lovely holiday resort and a city with fascinating architectural interests and historical associations. The old walled town with its picturesque streets and the numerous little villages with their bays attract summer visitors in their thousands.

My one objection to Dubrovnik is its crowded tourist state in the summer, with one's compatriots predominating. For those who prefer a quieter spot, I recommend either Cavtat, not far from Dubrovnik, or Budvah, my own particular choice. The former used to be the favourite holiday place of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor and of the late Duke of Kent and the Duchess of Kent. It is an old town, with a warren of picturesque narrow streets climbing up from a sheltered harbour and it is full of quaint houses, with their gardens blossoming with exotic flowers and lemon-trees.

Budvah is a little walled town standing on a small isthmus. It is a medieval gem, and as one wanders through its maze of tiny streets the imagination calls up the romantic past, while one's material comfort is catered for by an agreeable hotel, the Avala, which has commanding wide views over coast and mountain. The stretch of coast, in fact, between Budvah and Bar, to the south, is quite the finest on the Yugoslav littoral, and here, too, are the best sandy beaches. A few miles from Budvah is Sveti Stefan, one of the most curious villages in Europe and rather resembling Mont St. Michel, off the coast of Brittany. The Government has declared it a national monument and is carrying out careful reconstruction work by which the whole place will become a novel kind of hotel. This is expected to be ready for guests by 1955, and I am sure that it will rapidly become an outstanding holiday spot in Yugoslavia.

THE CHARM OF THE ADRIATIC: A view of the town and bay of Bakar, at the northern end of the Dalmatian coast. It is one of a series of resorts just south of Fiume, opposite which lie a large number of Adriatic islands, which themselves make delightful holiday resorts.

Another pleasant spot for a holiday is Ulcinj (Hotel Jardan), the most southern of the seaside resorts, where the atmosphere is distinctly different from anywhere farther north, being markedly Muslim in character. It was once an important base for Muslim pirates, and even to-day you find there negroes, the descendants of slaves taken during forays to the coasts of Africa.

Anyone staying at Dubrovnik or along this southern portion of the Dalmatian coast should not fail to make the motor excursion to Cettinje, the former capital of Montenegro. Do not be deterred by people who warn you that the long trip is exhausting. It is; still, you are fully repaid by seeing some of the finest and most exciting scenery in Europe.

Cettinje itself is of little interest, but you will surely be impressed by the aristocratic appearance of the Montenegrin peasants, as fine and dignified a people to be seen anywhere, yet in their distinctly barren land they must struggle hard to earn a livelihood. This dignity of bearing is, however, a feature among all the Yugoslavs, who also, strangely enough, seemed to me to have an almost British temperament. I found them, in fact, a remarkably easy and pleasant people to get on with. This, I might add, was the common experience of all who had relations with them during both the First and Second World Wars.

Island-lovers will find Rab, Hvar and Korcula attractive places, and each has adequate hotel accommodation. Indeed, for those with simple tastes, I can imagine no more delightful holiday.

Inland in Yugoslavia, there are two holiday districts which I can especially recommend: the north-west corner of Slovenia, around the lakes of Bled and Bohinj, and the famous lakes of Plitvice, south of Za... At Bled there are good hotels, the To... (first category) and the Jelovica (second category) being my recommendations. Bo... a few miles from Bled, is a quieter, almost more beautiful spot, and the ... are on a simpler scale; the Zlatorog (s... category) and the Dom Pod Voglom ... category) are both pleasant. Incidenta... this area the fishing is first class. Slo..., too, is the only part of the country ... the roads are really good, and as ... Northern Yugoslavian republic adjoin... Austrian border motorists might well co... taking their cars there.

The Plitvice lakes, sixteen in numbe... forming a chain nearly eight miles in l... are surrounded by the woods and mou... of the National Park. This is an area ... will delight every lover of natural be... and for the person who likes quiet co... rambling, and for the fisherman, too, it ... be difficult to recommend a more pl... place than Plitvice. There are several h... especially by Lake Kozjak, in the cent... the chain, the Vile Na Plitvickim Jez... (second category) being the most convenient.

Belgrade holds little of interest for the ord... tourist, but Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia, is ... fascinating, with its numerous mosques, Tu...h bazaars and a predominantly Muslim population. The women have discarded the veil in recent years, but otherwise they wear the same type of clothes as did their grandmothers. Jajce is another ancient historic town in Bosnia.

Macedonia is the farthest southern part of Yu... slavia, but it well repays the long journey, be... se comparatively little has changed there since the days when it belonged to Turkey. In the capital, Skopje, the ancient Turkish city lies beside the modern one and many of the people are Muslims. The graceful minarets of many mosques, one of them said to be the highest in the world, are among the features of Skopje. The mosques are not confined to the capital, however, for these slender, white buildings are to be seen everywhere in Macedonia, in towns and villages alike. There are also many magnificent ancient monasteries, with wonderful frescoes dating back to the thirteenth century, and in some cases even earlier. Perhaps the most delightful spot in this republic is Ohrid, on the lake of the same name. It can be reached in summer by plane from Belgrade.

Anyone contemplating a visit to Yugoslavia would be well advised to make their arrangements through specialist travel agents, such as Fairways and Swinford, Ltd. (Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard Street, London, S.W.1), the Yugoslavia Express Agency, Ltd. (24, Charles II Street, London, S.W.1), and the Ramblers Association Services (48, Park Road, London, N.W.1). For further information, get in touch with the Yugoslav National Tourist Office, 143, Regent Street, London, W.1. In Yugoslavia, itself, you will find the Putnik offices, which exist in all the main centres, to be most helpful. And for useful reading I can recommend *Dalmatia*, by Eric Whelpton (Robert Hale) and *Your Holiday in Yugoslavia*, by Ernest Welsman (Alvin Redman).

Finally, here is a piece of advice. When on holiday as a guest, in Yugoslavia, do not get involved in political discussions; and, keeping in mind the economic struggle through which the country is still passing, do not expect hotel standards to be on a par, yet, with other Western European holiday-lands. In fact, you should only go to Yugoslavia if you have an aptitude for foreign travel—and then the reward is great.

Gordon Cooper

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

"TIMBER" AND THE "PROMS"

A Memoir of Sir Henry Wood is One of This Week's Personal Reminiscences Whose Settings Range from Yorkshire to Beirut, St. Tropez, and Russia and Turkestan

SIR HENRY WOOD conducted his first Promenade Concert in 1895, and now that the "Proms" are near their diamond jubilee, it is heartening to read a book of memoirs on this much-loved musician, written by his widow, for the man whom his privileged intimates referred to as "Timber" died before the end of the war. THE LAST YEARS OF HENRY J. WOOD (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is, naturally, a book for musicians, who will perhaps best understand the quality of his fights against lethargy in orchestras and tedium in audiences, but there are many of us who may not qualify for that description but who have been loyal followers of the "Proms," and admirers of one of the most dynamic of conductors, whose effect on English musical life has been incalculable in this century.

Mr. Leo Walmesley has written a new volume of his memoirs as an autobiographical novel, which may make an uneasy definition, but which has provided the most readable of books. THE GOLDEN WATERWHEEL (Collins. 12s. 6d.) opens with the decision of the author and his wife to leave their Cornish home (which he describes as St. Jude, but which I seem to remember as somewhere near Fowey), and travel north to the Yorkshire coast to take up their abode there.

It was a county they knew and loved, and not even four years of soft Cornish air had reconciled them to being away from it. So the trek was made away from the converted Army hut where they had lived to the forty acres between moor and sea where they were to build their ideal house. Much of the book is concerned with practical matters, with the building itself, with the making of a garden and the reclaiming of neglected land, but there is also much about life on the intellectual as well as the economic levels, with the books that must be written to ensure the security of the growing family, the film rights that might be sold to provide a new wing and the longed-for ponies and trout stream and water-wheel.

Many of their dreams are dashed by the beginning of the war, and as the book closes, they are planning to move to a big old house in the Welsh hills, where the dream of a water-wheel of their own might be a little nearer realisation. In spite of the hard work and the difficulties and the setbacks, this is, on the whole, a happy book, and it is about real people.

Mrs. Ethelbert M. Robinson is an American lady who, to put it at its most conservative, likes to travel. Having voyaged from her native Tennessee to Beirut, where she lived for eight years, she worked in Cairo during the war, then went to China with U.N.R.R.A. and later to Paris with U.N.E.S.C.O. At the moment Mrs. Robinson is living in Switzerland, but in 1952 she managed to sandwich in an adventurous cruise from Rouen to the Mediterranean, *via* the Seine, the Garonne and the Canal du Midi to Sète. For this purpose she invested in a boat, a forty-year-old "sailing-box," which had been pronounced as fit for another four decades but which she would willingly have exchanged for a lame, blind donkey after a few miles' travel.

THE SAILOR'S FOOT (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d.) is the story of the waterway odyssey which, to everyone's surprise, did really end up in St. Tropez harbour; where its owner rewarded it with a kind pat and the admission that she loved it. Readers may or may not agree with this long-suffering verdict, but they are likely to enjoy Mrs. Robinson's lighthearted account of the expedition, even while they wonder slyly whether the author gets much cruising in the country of her present choice.

ACROSS THE ROOF OF THE WORLD (Staples. 12s. 6d.) is the story of a truly extraordinary expedition, made by a young Norwegian, Mr. Wilfred Skrede, during the war, when he escaped from his own country to Stockholm, and once there decided to make for Little Norway, in Canada. He finally achieved this after following the most hazardous of routes which took him across Russia and Turkestan, over the Himalayas, on to India and from there to Singapore and round the Cape of Good Hope. With a map of the world before you, this feat appears even more prodigious, and Mr. Skrede's matter-of-fact recital of his adventures paradoxically emphasizes their extraordinary nature. The translation from the Norwegian has been made by M. A. Michael.

It is easy to imagine that Miss Nerina Shute, in spite of the hours and days and possibly weeks that she must have spent on research for her novel of Rossetti, must have had a great deal of fun over its writing, and certainly any but the most profound of pre-Raphaelite scholars will find it equally entertaining in the reading. VICTORIAN LOVE STORY (Jarrolds. 12s. 6d.) is definitely not for the footnote fancier, or for the serious student of the period, since they may find many of Miss Shute's comments flippant and, in increasing ratio to their admiration of the subjects, derogatory.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL SAVES A SUBSCRIPTION: The London Library in St. James's Square—its reading room is shown above—of which Sir Winston has recently been made an honorary member. He is a vice-president of the library and, though he has not visited it for many years, messengers from Downing Street still come to collect books for him. The library was founded by Thomas Carlyle in 1841.

But in a brisk, no-nonsense way, and in a chatty, modern idiom, the author has shown us Dante Gabriel Rossetti and poor Lizzie Siddal, William Morris and his lovely, languid Jane, Swinburne, Burne-Jones and, of course, the elegant, critical presence of Mr. Ruskin, leading their intertwined lives and working, as far as the men were concerned, with admirable concentration and purpose.

Even if the setting of Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's new novel had not been one of the parts of England to which I am most devoted, I should still have appreciated a story that is so soundly constructed, so smoothly told and based on such a comprehension of human foibles. THE VIEW FROM THE PARSONAGE (Cassell. 10s. 6d.) has a theme with Victorian echoes, for it is concerned with the unexpected friendship and the inevitable disagreements between a young and studious rector, and the patron of his living, who is the squire of the village and a convinced atheist. The time is some sixty years ago, and the vicar tells the story in retrospect, philosophically considering the turbulent goings on of the long-ago days when, as nowadays, even the calmest appearing country community may seethe with emotions and prejudices.

Mr. H. W. Freeman's new novel, THE POOR SCHOLAR'S TALE (Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d.), has for its contrasted backgrounds two places which the author knows well and affectionately, though they are as completely contrasted as a Suffolk county town, and Florence. It is a novel of character rather than incident, in spite of its journeyings, however, and the mood is a gentle and evocative one of the past forty years.

Cornwall is the background that Miss Linda Boscawen, a Cornish woman herself, has chosen for her novel, DANCE TO MY TUNE (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.), and she has been successful in evoking some of its odd quality (odd, that is, to the "foreigner") of mystery and haunted antiquity. There are those, of course, for whom the word "Cornwall" evokes only a picture of slate roofs streaming with rain, dangerous bathing, clotted cream and pilchards, but these are the crabbed minority. The present novel has nothing to do with them, but with second sight, excavations and queer influences, and it is, in its way, quite effective.

TO NEXT YEAR IN JERUSALEM (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.) is a first novel with a genuinely unusual theme and one that I found exceptionally interesting, for Mr. David Marcus has written about a small Hebrew congregation in a town on the west coast of Ireland, its closely integrated nature and the religious obligation it exacts from one of its young members, who is in love with an Irish non-Jewish girl. Mr. Marcus writes well, maintaining a balance between emotion and intellect, and I found his book rewarding.

THE LONG BEAT HOME (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) is a novel of Sydney in many of its aspects, including as a good Australian should, its world-famous harbour. But it is with a group of the people of Sydney that Mr. Peter Gladwin is chiefly concerned and with a fast-moving, dramatic story of love and sudden death, squalour and loyalties.

We know that the Regency period is one in which, literally speaking, Miss Georgette Heyer feels at home, and we recognise her as an expert in the age. The circumstances that delight her readers even more, though, is that she writes so engagingly about it all, so wittily about the *beaux* and dandies and the *ton*, so forthrightly about the tougher characters, and so crisply about her charming and articulate heroine and their sillier sisters. THE TOLL-GATE (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) is her new novel in this manner, and I recommend it to you.

THE LADY OF ARLINGTON (Peter Davies. 12s. 6d.) is a novel-biography of Mrs. Robert E. Lee, told with a certain romantic swing by Mr. Harnett T. Kane. Mary Custis was the heiress of the magnificent Arlington estate on the Potomac, and when she cast a loving eye on the young lieutenant, Robert E. Lee, her father regarded him as a very inadequate *parti*, but married they were, and their marriage endured through the many crises and tragedies of Lee's career, till he became one of America's greatest soldiers.

This week's detective-story is CASE FILE: F.B.I. (Macdonald. 9s. 6d.), a reconstruction of a kidnapping crime on the lines of a real hunt by the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Technically, I thought the Gordons, as this husband-and-wife team are known had done an excellent job, but there is too much pathos and even too much tension about a constant threat to a small child's life for a story with that basis to be exactly entertaining.

AN OPERA DIGEST

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The Earl of Harewood has made opera both his hobby and his work in life. In 1951 he was appointed to the Board of Directors of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, and two years later he resigned to become a member of the administrative staff of that organisation. No one perhaps could be better fitted than Lord Harewood to bring up to date and to greater historical completeness Gustave Kobbe's celebrated work KOBBE'S COMPLETE OPERA BOOK which was first published in 1922 and has since run through many reprintings. This latest edition (published by Putnams at 45s.) covers 237 operas, giving in detail the stories of the operas and describing their music. Such recent works as *Gloriana, Porgy and Bess, The Rake's Progress*, and *The Consul* are included, and many classical operas which were out of fashion when Kobbe compiled his work now find a place in these pages, among them, *Dido and Aeneas, The Beggar's Opera*, and *Cosi fan Tutte*. The book is arranged by centuries, subdivided into countries, and all the works of each composer are grouped together. The illustrations include photographs of performances and productions that have taken place in recent years at Covent Garden, the Metropolitan, in New York, Glyndebourne, Bayreuth La Scala, Salzburg, and other shrines of the opera lover.

Professor Giorgio Abetti, Director of the Arcetri Observatory, near Florence, and the doyen of Italian astronomers, has given what can only be called a rather down-to-earth account of the development of astronomical ideas through the course of the centuries in his new book THE HISTORY OF ASTRONOMY (Sidgwick and Jackson. 25s.). Indeed, the great adventure of probing the outer confines of space seems to elude his pen. One aspect of astronomy which the Professor strongly emphasizes is its growing international character, for no one observatory can survey the whole sky, or can keep the sun or any object under continuous observation so as to maintain a complete record of the changes that take place. The author shows how this collaboration is now more highly organised in astronomy than in any other branch of science. His chapter on Twentieth-Century Concepts, which might have been expected to interest the lay reader in particular, is inclined to be disappointing and even when writing about the wonders of Mount Palomar and its great 200-inch telescope Professor Abetti somehow fails to stimulate excitement about the prospect before us. He has succeeded, however, in producing a most important handbook.

Commander Sir Aylmer Firebrace, Britain's Chief of Fire Staff during the greater part of the Second World War, brings altogether some thirty-seven years of fire service experience into his book FIRE SERVICE MEMORIES (Andrew Melrose. 10s. 6d.). He takes us back to the exciting days of horse-drawn engines. When the bells went down for a fire a lanyard would be pulled and the doors of the horses' stalls would fly open. The horses, often plunging and rearing with excitement at the prospect of a run, would then make their own way to their places at the pole there to be instantly clipped into harness. This harness allowed the horses great freedom, writes Sir Aylmer, and they could even lie down if they wanted to, indeed do anything except face the wrong way. The author's memories of the blitz occupy a great part of this engrossing book, and we see how the service was swiftly expanded to meet the tremendous emergency created by the Luftwaffe raids and then the flying bomb raids.

Frank Noel Stagg's WEST NORWAY AND ITS FJORDS (George Allen and Unwin. 18s.) sounds like a travel book, but it is in fact a history of the proud City of Bergen, once the capital of Norway, and the provinces that lie behind it. Bergen is a city of ancient regal traditions, and in its cathedral two Scottish Princesses were crowned, one of them a sister of Robert the Bruce. Since early times it has been a cosmopolitan city, for there, Britons, Dutchmen and Germans congregated to buy and sell the products of the Arctic fisheries, intriguing among themselves to control this vast wealth. Later came the Scottish timber merchants, who brought a sterner influence to bear on Bergen. The city's darkest days were those of Hansa domination, when Swedes and Danes took over political and ecclesiastical leadership and the German sailing masters lorded it over the city's economic life. Commander Stagg has written a most unusual and lively history.

Alan Davidson is another author who finds a deep attraction in the northlands, and his volume A BIRD WATCHER IN SCANDINAVIA (Chapman and Hall. 21s.) is a delightful piece of research regarding the habits of the rarer British bird visitors in their native haunts. Mr. Davidson has done his watching in the wide heaths and marshes of Jutland, in the South Swedish highlands, and in Finnish Lapland and Finmark. With him went Arthur Christiansen, who contributes some superb photographs.

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF CAT CARE (Gollancz. 18s.) has been compiled by Leon F. Whitney. The author is one of America's leading vets and his handbook covers every possible aspect of the cat's welfare. There is even a sombre chapter entitled "When the End Comes," advocating certain methods of Euthanasia and the desirability of cremation. This is a book which is essentially for cat-owners.

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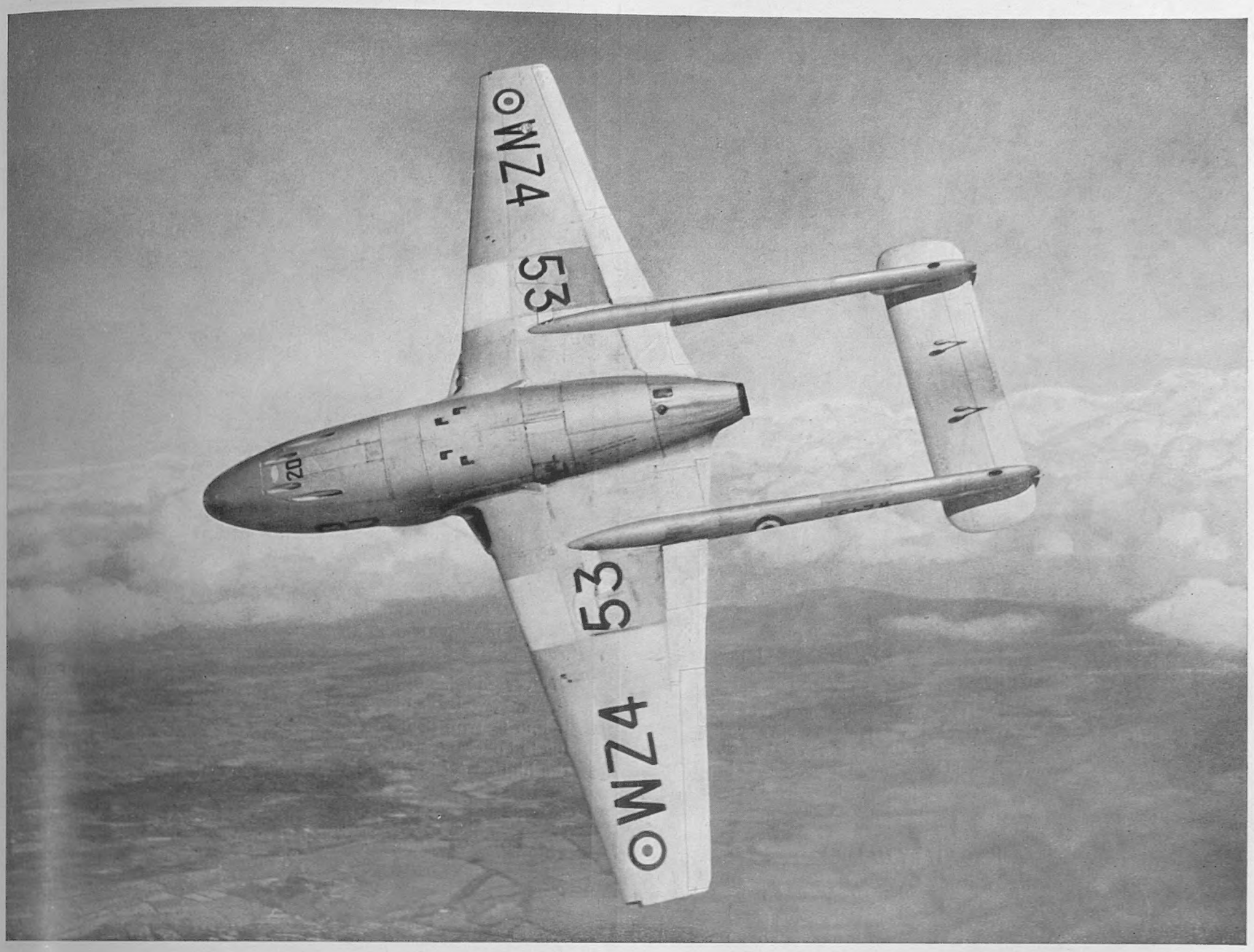

"—and there I was, up in this jet"

To earthbound people, jet aircraft—an unseen whine in the sky or a plume-trailing dot against the blue—are strictly for supermen. When I put this point of view to the Royal Air Force, they didn't argue with me. "Try it," they said, "and see for yourself."

And that's how it happens that I, a middle-aged parent, with no flying experience, find myself climbing into the twin-seated cockpit of a de Havilland 'Vampire' Trainer at Little Rissington, the Central Flying School of the Royal Air Force.

We are kitted up and buckled in. The pilot tests the switches and controls. When the starter button is pressed a low whine breaks out from the engine. It climbs higher and higher as the revolution counter mounts to the 3,000 mark. At this speed the fuel is ignited and the jet bursts into life. Now there is a feeling (but no more) of immense power flowing through the aircraft. The wheel chocks are whipped away, we head for the runway, and off we go in a smooth, relentless surge towards the horizon. At 110 knots the nose lifts and we are airborne. It is unexpectedly silent as the low landscape slips behind us and the airspeed indicator climbs to 250 . . . 300 . . . 350 knots. Already we are 1,000 feet up and the Cotswold countryside becomes a map. At 15,000 feet the aircraft might be suspended in space. And that's the way I find it: the watcher from the ground sees a speck of an aircraft being flung about the sky. But up here I have no feeling of speed. Now and again as we loop or roll, the horizon does curious things. What, I ask, is going around whom? From time to time, as we dive or bank, new and unexpected forces press me strongly into my seat and load my hands and feet with invisible weights. But the sensation of speed—shrill, stomach-lifting, scenic-railway speed—is entirely absent. Nor am I nervous. The effect of these unseen forces on my unconditioned body is to produce a curious dreamlike sensation. All the same I find time to enjoy a view of most of Southern England laid out before me: Oxford, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Bristol—and the westering sun glinting off the sea beyond. The pilot presses a button and speaks to the control tower. "Steer 110 degrees," says a metallic voice. The horizon swings round and we head for home. The runway places itself in position ahead of us, comes up, flows past us and, with a gentle shudder, firmly attaches itself to our wheels.

Being flown in a jet clearly does not call for supermen. And the Royal Air Force does not expect to find supermen ready-made to fly them. It is looking for young men who possess the personal qualities, flying aptitude and high medical standards needed to fly and navigate modern fighting aircraft. In addition to entry through the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, there are the new Direct Commissions for pilots and navigators in the General Duties (flying) Branch which offer a good prospect of making a career in the Royal Air Force.

As in all professions it depends largely on individual merit how far one goes in the Service. The best have excellent prospects of rising to high rank; for others there will be the opportunity of a pensionable appointment normally up to the age of fifty. Alternatively, an officer who wishes to return to civil life may leave the Service at the end of twelve years with a gratuity of £3,000, or after eight years with a gratuity of £1,500, both gratuities tax free.

The table below gives brief details of this and other methods of entry. If you would like fuller information you should write to: Under-Secretary of State, Air Ministry (S.P.H. 207), Adastral House M.R.2, London, W.C.2, giving details of your age and education and any other facts that may help the Air Ministry to assess your suitability for a commission.

METHOD OF ENTRY	AGE LIMITS	EDUCATIONAL STANDARDS
Cranwell Cadetship	17½—19	*Civil Service Commission Examination*
Direct Commission	17½—26	*General Certificate of Education Scottish Leaving Certificate or equivalent*
From a University	20—26	*Normal degree at recognised university*
*National Service**	*During Service*	*General Certificate of Education Scottish Leaving Certificate or equivalent*

* *For subsequent flying in the R.Aux.A.F.*

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Undoubtedly the coolest, cleanest drink in the world with a subtle flavour of its very own. Best results are easily obtained by simply mixing Gordon's and tonic water in a goodish sized glass, add a thin slice of lemon and relax... Then you'll have proved to yourself that there's nothing, absolutely nothing, so good as Gordon's* Gin and Tonic.

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MAXIMUM PRICES: BOTTLE 33/9d · ½ BOTTLE 17/7d · ¼ BOTTLE 9/2d · MINIATURE 3/7d · U.K. ONLY

And these are Gordon's too...

GORDON'S ORANGE GIN & LEMON GIN

Not to be confused with gin and orange squash, these Gordon favourites are made in the traditional way with Gordon's Dry Gin, real oranges and lemons, and pure cane sugar. Best taken neat as a liqueur, but also most refreshing with soda water or tonic water if preferred.

BOTTLE 32/- · ½ BOTTLE 16/9d · MINIATURE 3/6d.

POST MORTEM

"Congratulations, Henry, on your intrepid game of bridge last night."

"*Old Percy's gins were pretty audacious too. I doubt if I could beat my small niece at snap this morning.*"

"Never mind—a man with the nerve to leave his partner in four no trumps after a forcing bid of two hearts deserves the highest recognition. And when you fearlessly went to bed with that ace of spades . . ."

"*Pity I didn't go to bed with some Rose's Lime Juice.*"

"Courage, partner! I now propose to call two gins and Rose's which I trust the barman will double."

"*Your psychic bidding is amazing!*"

ROSE'S LIME JUICE

for Gin and Lime

ROSE'S ALSO MAKE FINE FRUIT SQUASHES

By Appointment Purveyors of Turtle Soup to the Late King George VI

You've tasted and enjoyed

JOHN LUSTY'S

REAL TURTLE SOUP . . .

now try these Lusty products at their wonderful best

OX TONGUES, CHICKEN FRICASSEE, GALANTINES, BEEFSTEAK PUDDINGS, etc.

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Cream of Chicken, Mushroom, Tomato, Ox-Tail, Julienne, Chicken Broth

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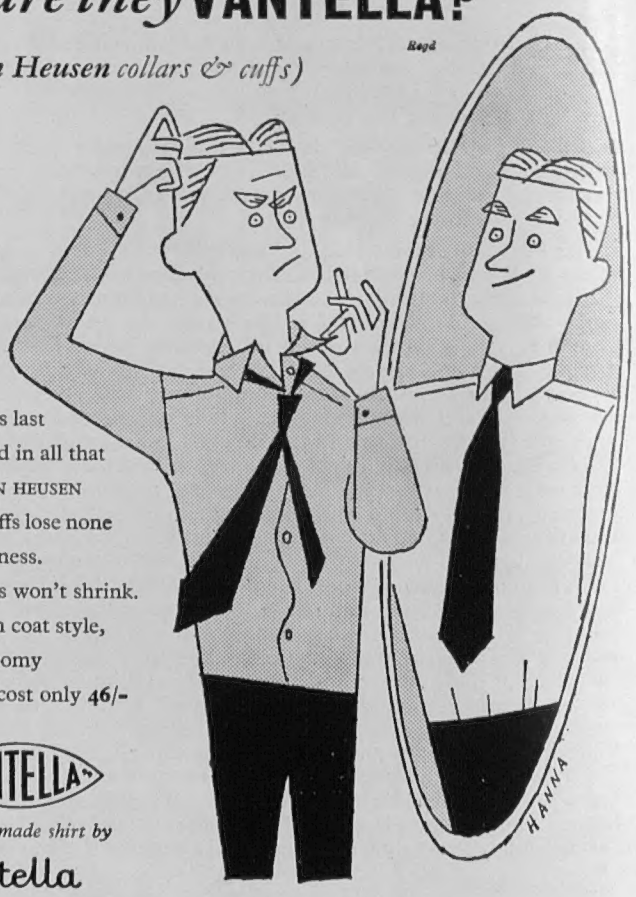
ΦC

Are your shirts 'cockle-collared'

or are they **VANTELLA?**

(with Van Heusen collars & cuffs)



Vantella shirts last for years—and in all that time their VAN HEUSEN collars and cuffs lose none of their smartness. Vantella shirts won't shrink. They're cut in coat style, with a very roomy fit. And they cost only **46/-**

"VANTELLA"

English-made shirt by

Cotella

Pattern card available from: A/M, COTELLA, 1 LONG LANE, SE1

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

THE stage is set for summer seaside holidays, and most hotels report "House Full." There will, of course, be unavoidable cancellations, and I will do my best to assist any last-moment hotel seekers.

News has just come through to me of a small hotel opening in Exmouth. It is being personally run by a lady who has had considerable experience in hotel management.

Although farm-house accommodation is, for the most part, outside my ken, I can put readers on to one most excellent place about 2½ miles behind Bexhill and within easy access of Cooden and Highwood golf courses. Its owners, who ran a very highly spoken of hotel on the south coast, have bought the farm for their son, and it is sufficiently large to permit of them taking three or four paying guests. Either or both addresses sent gladly on request.

Writing of golf reminds me of two places that lend themselves to golfing holidays, the first—Dormy House Hotel, Brancaster, on the sunny Norfolk coast. Here, in fact, everything is laid on for complete family holiday enjoyment, with tennis, swimming, sailing and riding the outdoor order of the day.

The second: Oldway Links Hotel, Paignton, Devon, will appeal to those who like to be able to fall back on the attractions of a seaside resort, but prefer to reside quietly on the outskirts. In this respect, Oldway Links, a small, twelve-bedroom hotel, should suit them admirably. Perched high up, close by the golf course, Torbay fills the skyline, and an attractive old-world garden the foreground. My only complaint about the food here is that they gave me too much.

And now for a few particulars about a new discovery I have made in the Isle of Wight . . . Pitt House Country Club, Bembridge. A comparatively new house, it has all the advantages of modern design, almost as many bathrooms as bedrooms, well-proportioned lounges with French windows looking out to the greensward, and a kitchen in which a Continental chef could really express himself.

A delectable spot from every holiday angle, with its hard tennis court, bathing from the house—and the Club Bar.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

BIRCHINGTON-ON-SEA, Kent. THE BERESFORD

One of Britain's fine hotels with squash, tennis, dancing, etc., fully licensed, private sea promenade. R.A.C. and A.A. Four Star. Thanet 41345.

BOURNEMOUTH. CARLTON HOTEL

Well spoken of always, for Service is the keynote. Situated on the East Cliff and facing full south, enjoying both sunshine and sea views. 150 bedrooms and suites. Lifts; Central Heating. Excellent garage facilities. Tel.: 6560.

BROADWAY, WORCS. THE LYGON ARMS

For innkeeping in the best English tradition; for a personal welcome, warmth, comfort, good food and wine, be sure to visit this historic and hospitable house. Always in season. Tel.: Broadway 2255.

DUBLIN.

THE GRESHAM HOTEL

Here in the heart of Ireland's capital you will get a new outlook on life. 150 superb rooms with radio; private bathrooms and suites. Here you can dine, wine, dance and entertain your friends with distinction. Tel.: 46881.

FALMOUTH. FALMOUTH HOTEL

A fine sunny mooring for the Summer months, offering wide expanse of seascape and cliff scenery. Lift (ground floor bedroom if need be), garden produce, and high standards of catering and comfort. Write to R. J. S. Fields. Tel.: 761.

HYTHE, Kent. HOTEL IMPERIAL

The only Hotel standing on the sea front that offers you 12 acres of beautiful gardens, hard and grass tennis courts, a full-length nine-hole golf course, bathing from the Hotel, plus a private bathroom to every double room.

LLANDUDNO, N. Wales. ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL

celebrates its centenary this year. First on the front, it still remains in the limelight for comfort, good food, entertainment and service. Fully licensed. Ballroom. Lift. Free Golf George D. Perl, Manager. Tel.: 7873.

LONDON, N.W.4. HENDON HALL

First-class Residential Hotel, once home of David Garrick. 20 mins. West End. Excellent cuisine; fully licensed; phones all rooms; suites with private bath. Hard Tennis, Putting, Billiards, Swimming Pool. Adjoins Hendon Golf Club. Hendon 1456.

Centre of beauty and historic interest on the great Roman Highway.

MARLBOROUGH, Wilts. AILESBURY ARMS HOTEL

Driving from East to West or North to South, this prominent fully-licensed free hotel is a delightful place in which to "Halt Awhile." Ground floor suites. Tel.: Marlborough ONE.

A perfect holiday in sunshine or shower at

MATLOCK. SMEDLEY'S HYDRO

in the heart of lovely Derbyshire. The Booklet of Smedley's will be gladly sent on application to The Manager, Smedley's Hydro, Matlock.

MIDHURST, Sussex. SPREAD EAGLE HOTEL (A.D. 1430)

No matter the season, this famous Inn offers mellow surroundings coupled with modern comfort. Tel.: Midhurst 10.

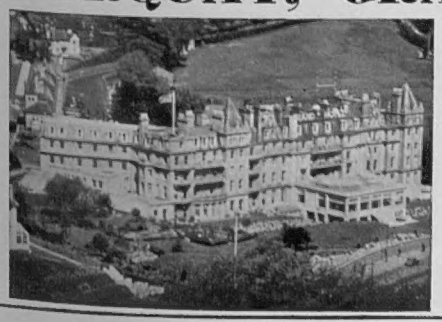
ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS, THE SPA HOTEL

Faces the south and the sun, 400 ft. up in 65 acres of parkland. Thirty miles from London and the coast. Fully licensed. First-class cuisine. Lift, cocktail lounge and ballroom. Free golf on own sporting 9-hole course Residential terms by arrangement. Tel.: 20331 (3 lines).

WEYBRIDGE, SURREY OATLANDS PARK HOTEL

One of Britain's best-run Country Hotels, only 30 mins. from London's West End. Own Swimming Pool, Sporting Golf Course, Tennis, Squash, Dancing, Billiards—all free to residents. 60 acres grounds, 150 rooms (many with private bath); self-contained suites. Moderate inclusive terms. Brochure with pleasure. Weybridge 1190.

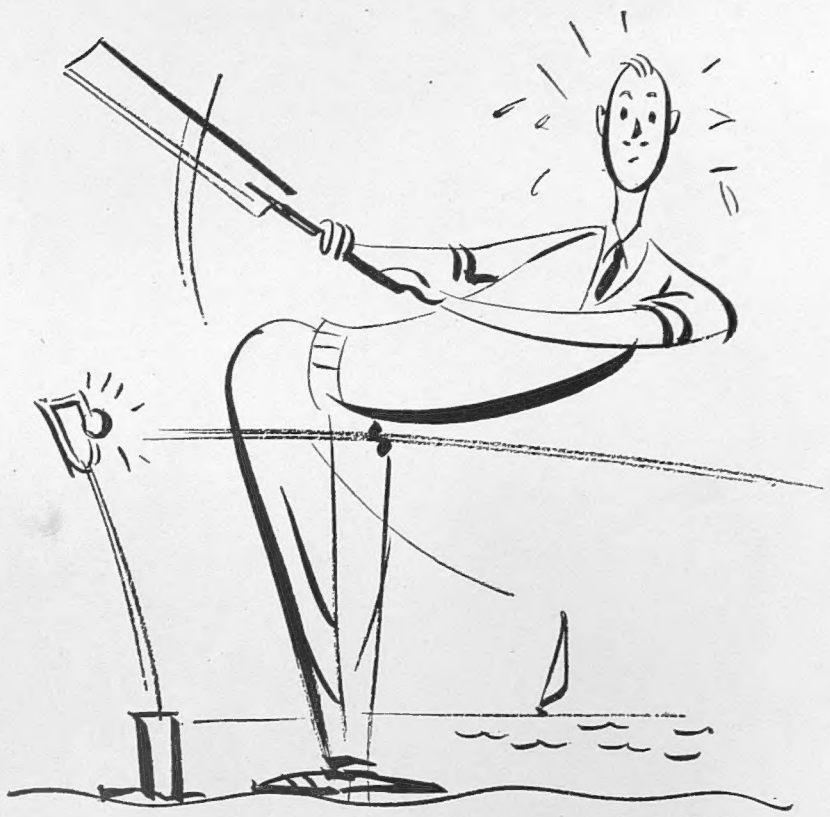
TORQUAY, GRAND HOTEL



For your Summer holiday. Facing full south overlooking Torbay, with tennis, squash, golf and dancing all free to residents.

Write O. R. Paul.

Tel.: 2234.



Never mind — you've earned a

GIN & VOTRIX

Out for a duck! Bowled over by the injustice of it all? Obviously time to draw stumps for lunch and have a Gin and Votrix. Votrix is a distinctive Vermouth, subtly blended, and still very moderate in price — in fact just the drink to keep in the beach hut.

Sweet 10/- • Dry 12/6d.

Get GRANOLA biscuits in your home

The Schweppshire Way of Life

5. CARE OF THE ATHLETE AND INFIRM

If there is one thing more true than another of Schweppshire, it is that it is more so. Sport is an example, as it is most more so of all. It seems strange, in the fixed silence of the Schweppshire Stadium, to remember that in primitive paleaoschweppic times, hands were clapped and winners of races showed pleasure.

Intensive training has removed all irrelevancies. By the fifth generation, high-jumpers have acquired grasshopper thighs, tug-of-war specialists have grown backs with cantilever ribs and Forth Bridge vertebrae. The nineteenth generation of track experts have evolved nails in the soles of their feet: the "greyhound profile" is clearly demonstrated in the illustration. Twin hearts provide the increase up with which the bloodstream is souped, and there is a small group of specialist quarter milers the pulses on whose wrists are already changing, by classical evolutionary stages, into proto-stop-watches.

These advances have not been won without cost. Pentathlon competitors stand small chance of success unless they have developed pentathlete's heart, which means that when these athlons are not doing pent things at once, they cannot do anything at all.

However, bath chairs are provided to bring to the starting point sprinters who have lost the power of walking. The rest of their time athletes are kept in the darkness of minute cubicles. The light goes on every three hours when their meal of meal is brought to them on the conveyor belt. The notion that this life is unhappy must be wrong. It is easy to prove, by demonstrating that they have never known anything else, that nothing could be jollier.

Written by Stephen Potter, designed by Lewitt-Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

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